



No. 331.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



ROSA BONHEUR, THE GREATEST WOMAN ARTIST THE WORLD EVER SAW.

The Landseer of France died on Friday morning at the age of seventy-seven. She exhibited in the Salon so long ago as 1850. Her best-known work is "The Horse Fair," which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought for £10,000 and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. She used to dress like a man. Three years ago the Czar invited her to see him and kissed her hand.

WAS HAMLET FAT? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

"TAKE UP THE BODY: SUCH A SIGHT AS THIS BECOMES THE FIELD, BUT HERE SHOWS MUCH AMISS."



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON MAKES HIM SLIM.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE GIVES HIM A BEARD.

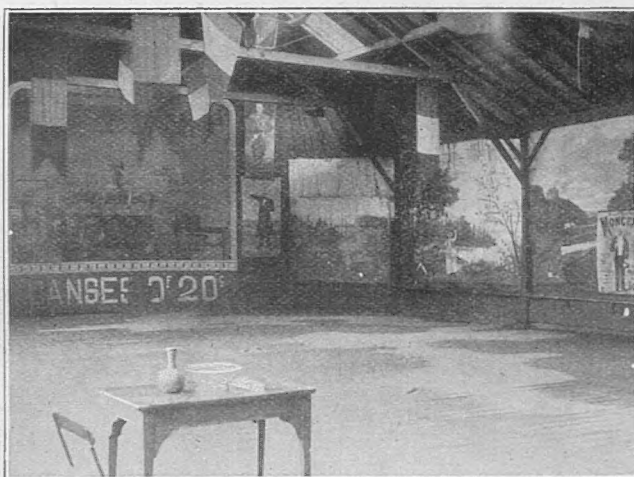


MR. WILSON BARRETT MAKES HIM PORTLY.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



M. VANOR SAID HAMLET WAS FAT.
Photo by Walery, Paris.



THEY FOUGHT THE QUESTION OUT IN THIS BUILDING, THE MOULIN ROUGE—not IN THE PLACE FIGALLE, BUT ON THE ISLAND OF THE GRANDE JATTE, IN THE SEINE.



M. CATULLE MENDES SAID HE WAS THIN.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



MR. BANDMANN WAS A FAT HAMLET.



GARRICK PLAYED HAMLET IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ATTIRE.



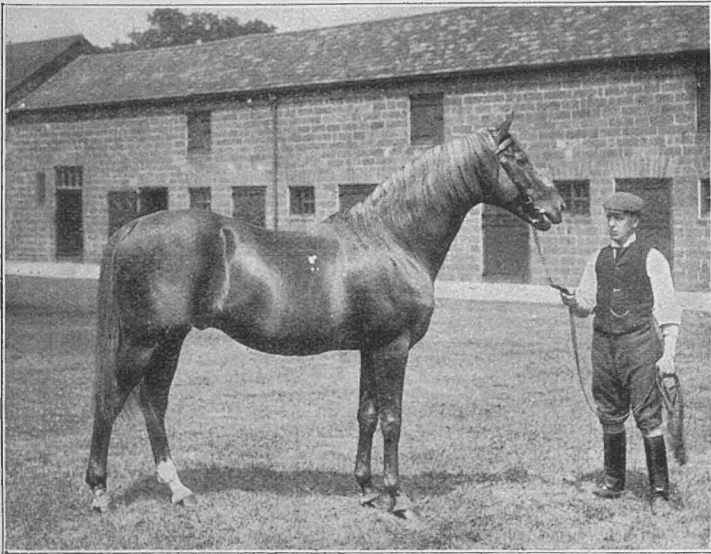
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE WAS A TALL HAMLET.

WHO WILL WIN THE DERBY?

CAPTAIN COE DESCRIBES THE RUNNERS WHICH MR. HAILEY, OF NEWMARKET, HAS PICTURED.

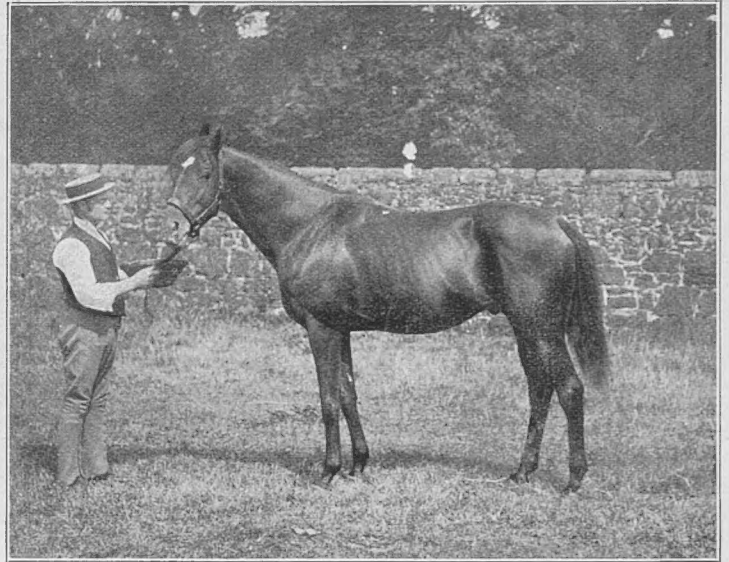
The Derby of 1899 smacks of Gladiateur's year in so far as we shall see an international contest between France and England, and the all-prevailing question to-day is, Will Waterloo be once more avenged? Many are of opinion that "perfidious Albion" will, after the race, be

Kingsclere. Little heed need be taken of his defeat by Caiman in the Middle Park Plate last year, as the raging gale was just suited to Sloan's style. Flying Fox won the Guineas like a real racehorse, thus turning the tables on the American-bred colt, and many of the best judges are of



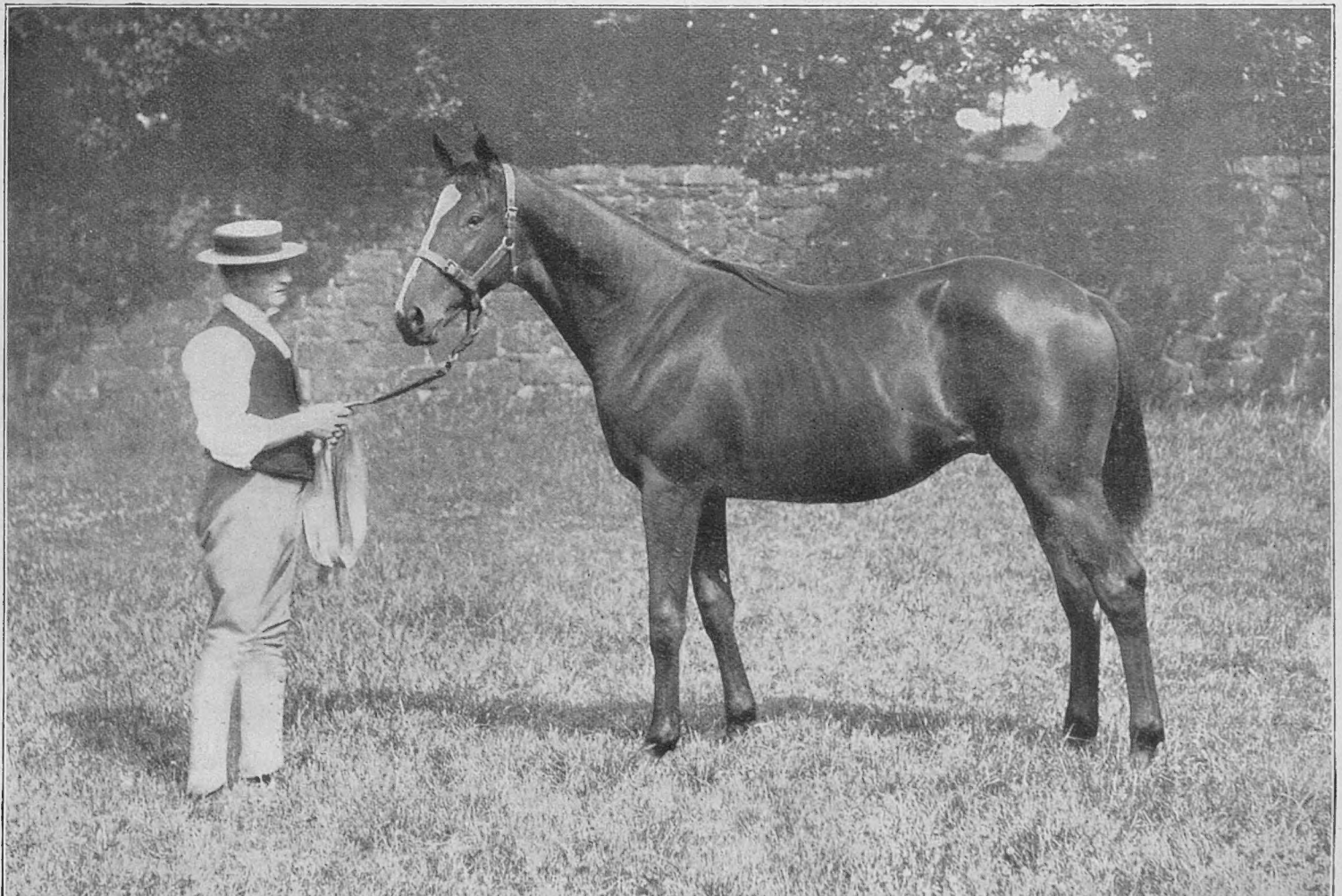
BEND OR, THE GRANDFATHER OF FLYING FOX.

able to hoist the Union Jack on the flagstaff of Tattersall's, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." Gladiateur's owner met with a big reception in 1865, when that remarkable horse cantered off with the Blue Ribbon of the English Turf. In 1878 Insulaire ran second to Sefton, and in 1890 Le Nord was beaten by Sainfoin. In 1891, again, Gouverneur ran second to Common. If M. de Bremond's grey succeeds in beating Flying Fox and our other cracks on this occasion, he can be sure of a regular British welcome worthy of the victory. John Porter, who is responsible for Flying Fox, considers that in the son of Orme and Vampire he trains one of the best colts that has ever done work at



ORME, THE FATHER OF FLYING FOX.

opinion that the formation of the Kingsclere colt is suited to the formation of the Epsom gradients. With two such cracks in the field as Holocauste and Flying Fox, the other candidates may not receive the attention that they deserve; yet, with the memory of Jeddah ringing in our ears, it does not seem wise to altogether ignore horses like Damocles and the Irish-trained Oppressor, to say nothing of My Boy, Trident, and Desmond. Damocles did not run as a two-year-old; but when he made his début at Lincoln in the Chapman Stakes this spring, he was evidently not fancied, and finished second to Ugolino, a colt with no pretensions to classic form. His next outing, however,



FLYING FOX, THE FAVOURITE, IS OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

proved him to be a colt of considerable merit, for he met and beat such good horses as Gerolstein, Boucan, and Hadrian, over a mile of the Epsom course; and again, in the Tudor Plate at Sandown, he defeated a field of useful horses with great ease. He may get a place. Oppressor will be the sole representative of Old Ireland in the race. This brother to General Peace, by Gallinule out of Moira, has been, so report says, very highly tried. He has been freely supported in Dublin, and the dwellers in the Land of Erin will have to "receive" if he wins. Last year he ran once only, when he beat ten opponents easily, starting at the short price of 6 to 4. Desmond may be said to be a good colt on paper only. He has a terrible temper, and is simply unmanageable at times. He is a St. Simon colt out of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's Oaks winner, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, well bred enough for anything, but too unreliable to be recommended even for a place. It is doubtful if Innocence can be designated as a classic horse, but it is understood that he will be ridden out for a place. My Boy, who will be ridden by Watts, will carry Mr. Barnato's primrose old-gold cap, probably because the South African financier may like to see his colours in the race. Of the remaining English horses

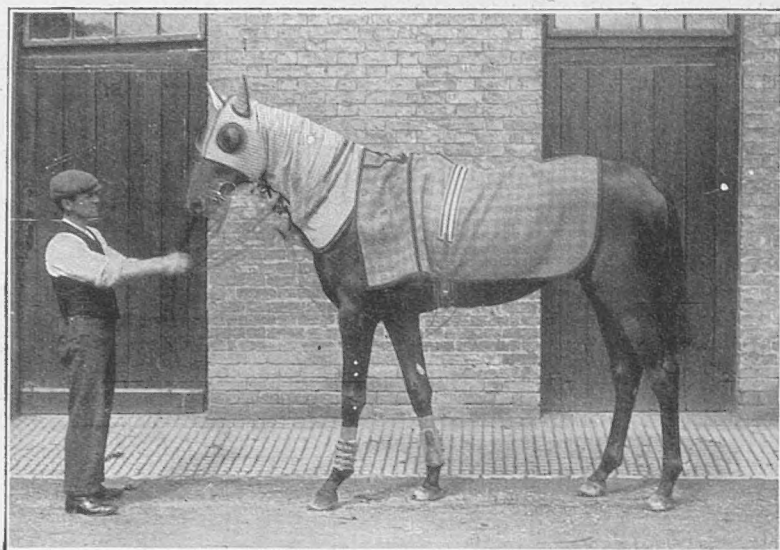
in the race, little that is good can be said, and, as has been mentioned, the great danger to Flying Fox may come from Holocauste. If the French colt succeeds, he will be the first grey to win the Derby since Gustavus passed the post first in 1821. Holocauste has only thrice been defeated, and on each occasion he was palpably unfit. He has won several good races, including the Prix Lupin two weeks ago. He is a son of Le Sancy-Bougie, the latter being the dam of Gardefeu, who, it will be remembered, won the French Derby last year, ran second for the Grand Prix of Paris, and is likely to run well for, if not win, the Ascot Cup. Watkins will have the mount on Holocauste, and we saw by his jockeyship at Ascot last year that he is quite capable of holding his own when it comes to racing. If Holocauste gets down the hill without losing too much ground, he will, no doubt, make it up in the last quarter of a mile. But there is an "if" in the question, while, in the opinion of many, there is no "if" about the excellence of Flying Fox.

THE INCREASING VALUE OF TURNER.

Nearly every truly great painter has to die before he can be thoroughly appreciated. Such is the case with Turner. Neglected in his own day, his star is now in the ascendant. Apart from the enthusiasm of Mr. Ruskin, who praised Turner at the expense of all others, his power and magic are now fully realised. Formerly his pictures were misunderstood. The Royal Academy hung one upside down, and a public gallery superciliously refused to accept one. While a dealer once failed to get a hundred guineas for each of a glorious Swiss set, the hammer at Christie's recently knocked down the "Dogana and Santa Maria della Salute" at 8200 guineas. At the same sale, Sir John Fowler's, a murmur of applause was heard when the beautiful "Lake of Nemi" was held up and the bidding rose from 500 guineas to 3000 guineas. Then the Guildhall spring collection was almost entirely a Turner show. One is amazed at the glowing wealth of colour and the powerful imagination. He painted as no other man ever painted. He stands a giant among all others. The early pictures, painted when he was between twenty and thirty years

old, are rich and solid in workmanship. The colour scheme is always simple. Blue, grey, yellow, and a brilliant touch of vermillion make up his palette. His power lay in transforming the utterly commonplace into the purely ideal.

Turner had his gradual development, like every other great painter. His early work is often exquisitely minute and elaborate, and is always solid and unexaggerated. With greater knowledge came greater facility and cunning; and, after careful study and a period of what might indeed be called almost *tame* workmanship, he entered into his Fairyland. He seemed to work, as Constable said, "with coloured steam," so full of vapour and light are the canvases. Mountain, sea, and land glow under his magic. Switzerland, a most *unpaintable* country, speaks a new language. It is difficult to reconcile the fact of his almost squalid life with the production of these dreams of beauty. He lived in his sordid lodgings, and left to posterity immortal sunsets, immortal sunrises!



SCINTILLANT.



DESMOND.

NAVY NOTES.

Who would have dared prophesy that torpedo-boat destroyers—those “ugly and devilish craft,” as Mr. Goschen called them the other day—would ever be provided with sails? It is a curious fact that we have got most of our naval ideas, in the first place, from the French, and this is no exception. They were, notably, the first to build an ironclad, *La Gloire*. The secret of the success of the British lies in improving on the inventions of other nationalities, as we shall, no doubt, do if the submarine-boat is proved, at the expense of the French, to be of any real value. Destroyers are able to carry only very limited coal-supplies, and, moreover, their machinery is so delicate that it would be very advisable to use sails if possible. This the French will, no doubt, show us. If sails are feasible, the radius of action of destroyers will be greatly increased. They may be able to sail until the time comes for action, and then they will be ready, with full bunkers, to play their part.

An illustration of the ingenious methods of the Admiralty in attracting boys into the Navy is provided by the appointment of Honorary Lieutenant George South as a recruiting officer. Lieutenant South is one of a hundred or so chief warrant officers who, on retiring from the Navy, have been given the honorary rank of Lieutenant, and are standing advertisements of the good-fortune which may attend the career of any of the five thousand boys of humble parentage who are undergoing training on the naval training-ships which are placed round the English, Irish, and Scotch coasts. All these officers have risen from the lowest rung of the naval ladder, and Lieutenant South will now spend his time in letting boys and their parents know what a fine opening the Navy offers to boys of spirit and good character who would like to see the world; and, what is more important from this officer's point of view, he will receive the full pay of his rank and generous allowances while so employed, though he is on the retired list.

Nothing is more interesting in connection with warlike preparations than the continual rivalry between methods of offence and defence. No sooner is an instrument of offence designed than someone else comes along with something that is a complete defence against attack. A smart man invented the torpedo now used in the Navy, one named Whitehead; then came another inventor, who introduced a net against which the torpedo was comparatively powerless. Next came an ingenious individual who had made a pair of scissors which could be fixed at the head of a torpedo and cut its way through the elaborate net. At present these scissors hold the field, or rather, the sea. To quote another illustration of this rivalry of offence and defence, booms were recently constructed to be placed across the entrances to our more important harbours, to protect them from attack from the enemy's torpedo-boats, and everyone imagined that nothing could possibly get past them. But the officers of the torpedo schoolship *Vernon* set to work to see if the defence were really impenetrable, and they have now demonstrated that their doubts were not ill-founded. They have invented a pair of scissors, which are closed by charges of gun-cotton, and thus the wire hawsers which hold the boom together are severed, and the boom ceases to be of the great value it was believed to be. Now the officers of the *Vernon* will, no doubt, go to work to invent a boom that will resist their scissors. So the rivalry continues.

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BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Now that the question of admitting Continental bounty-fed beet-sugar into this country on equal terms with British-grown cane-sugar is occupying the attention of Parliament and the general public, and at a time when the chief industry of the British West Indies, England's oldest Colony, is threatened with extinction, it may be of interest to notice briefly another West Indian industry which has, comparatively recently, been developed to a remarkable extent. We refer to the production of the Lime Fruit by the originators of these most delicious and wholesome of beverages, Lime Juice and Lime Juice Cordial, Messrs. L. Rose and Co., Limited, of London and Leith.

It is a remarkable fact that, of the hundred-and-one non-alcoholic drinks, many of them ingeniously named, which have attempted to find permanent favour from a discerning public during the past quarter-century, Lime Juice is almost the only one which has stood the test of time and steadily gained the universal approval which it now enjoys.

The reason for this is quite evident in the fact that, whilst the majority of other non-alcoholic beverages hitherto produced have been concocted from chemicals and artificially flavoured, Rose's Lime Juice is the product purely of the natural juice of the Lime Fruit, the extremely wholesome properties of which have been recognised for hundreds of years, as the following extract from the account given by Sir James Lancaster of his voyage to the Indies in the year 1600 will show. He says—

"Thus following on our course, the first day of August, we came into the height of thirtie degrees south of the line, at which time we met the south-west wind, to the great comfort of all our people. For by this time, very many of our men were fallen sicke in all our shippes, and unless it were in the Generall's shippe only, the other three were so weake of men that they could hardly handle the sayles. . . . And the reason why the Generall's men stood better in health than the men of the other shippes was this, he brought to sea with him certain bottels of the juice of Limes, which he gave to each as long as it would last. . . . By this means the Generall cured many of his men, and preserved the rest, so that in his shippe (having the double of men that was in the rest of the shippes) he had not so many sicke, nor lost so many men as they did, which was the mercy of God to us all."

This three-hundred-year-old certificate of the health-giving properties of Lime Juice is confirmed at the present day by the fact that Rose's Lime Juice is supplied to Her Majesty's Government for use in the Army and Navy, whilst the United States Army in Cuba and the Philippines have found it at once an effective safeguard against malaria and a delicious, refreshing beverage. Even in the bitter Arctic regions its daily use is absolutely necessary to maintain health and strength.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "It is now an accepted axiom that the North Pole cannot be reached without Lime Juice." Dr. Nansen's famous expedition carried five years' supply of Rose's Lime Juice, and so wholesome and invigorating was it found by the explorers that they unanimously called it "*Fram Wine*."

Rose's Lime Fruit plantations during the crop time present one of these rare sights only to be met with in the tropics. The beautiful dark-green foliage is relieved by the thick clusters of the lovely pale-yellow fruit, whilst rainbow-tinted humming-birds flit hither and thither among the opening blossoms, which diffuse around the most exquisite fragrance. The fine, ripe Limes are gathered in the early morning by the native girls, and brought to the Central Factory in bullock-carts. Here they are quickly deprived of their juice, which is immediately run into large casks, and is ready for its four thousand miles' voyage to Rose's Lime Juice Refineries in London and Leith, where it is clarified and bottled in their well-known bottles embossed with the Lime Fruit as Trade Mark.

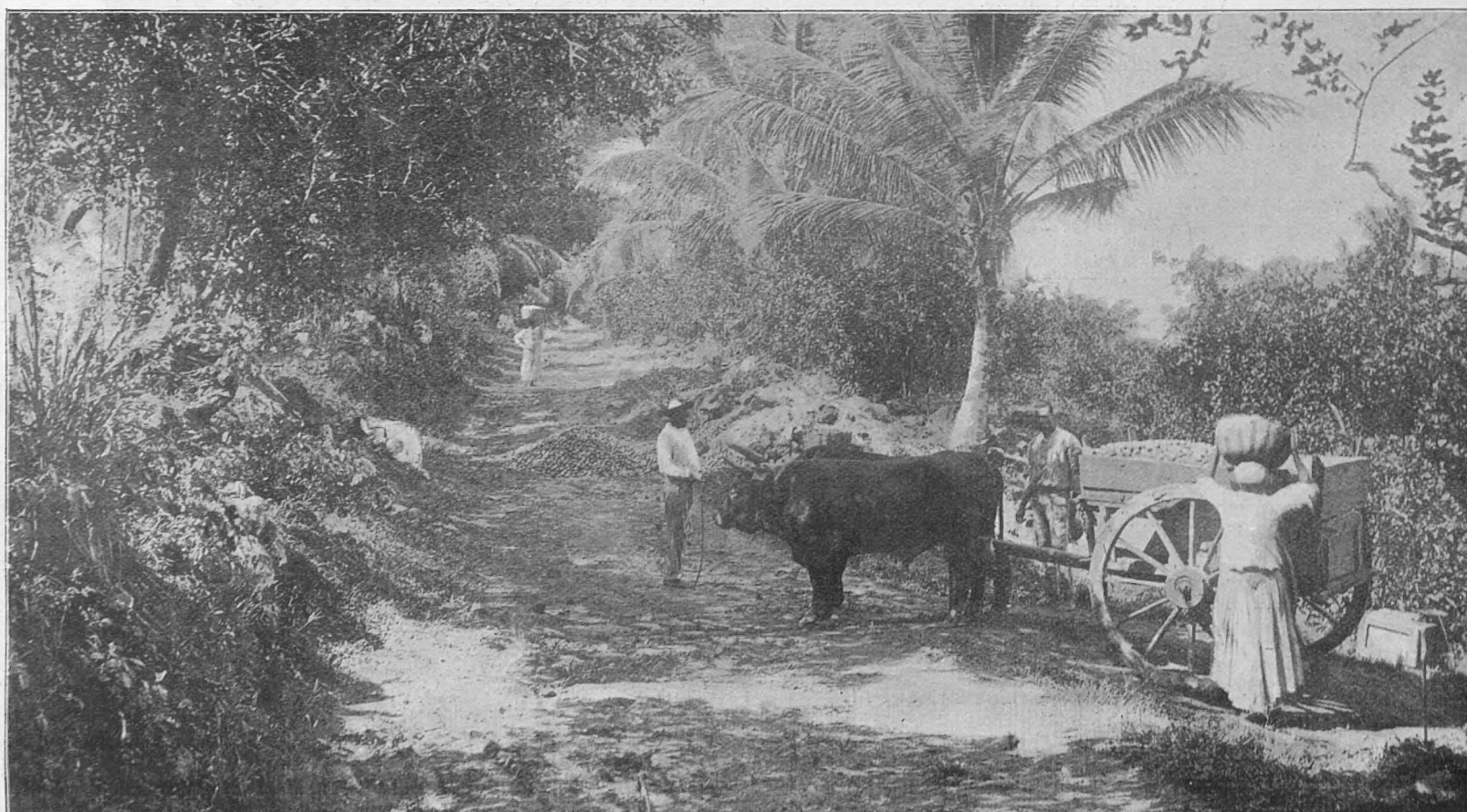
In these days of wholesale food and drink

adulteration and fraudulent substitution, it is, of course, of the utmost importance to see that you are supplied only with ROSE'S ORIGINAL and GENUINE BRAND when you order "Lime Juice," and not one of its many spurious imitations, which, for the sake of extra profit, are made either from cheap lemon-juice or chemicals, and which are as inferior to Rose's Lime Juice as gooseberry wine is to genuine Champagne.

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GATHERING THE LIMES.



CARTING LIMES TO THE PRESSES.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

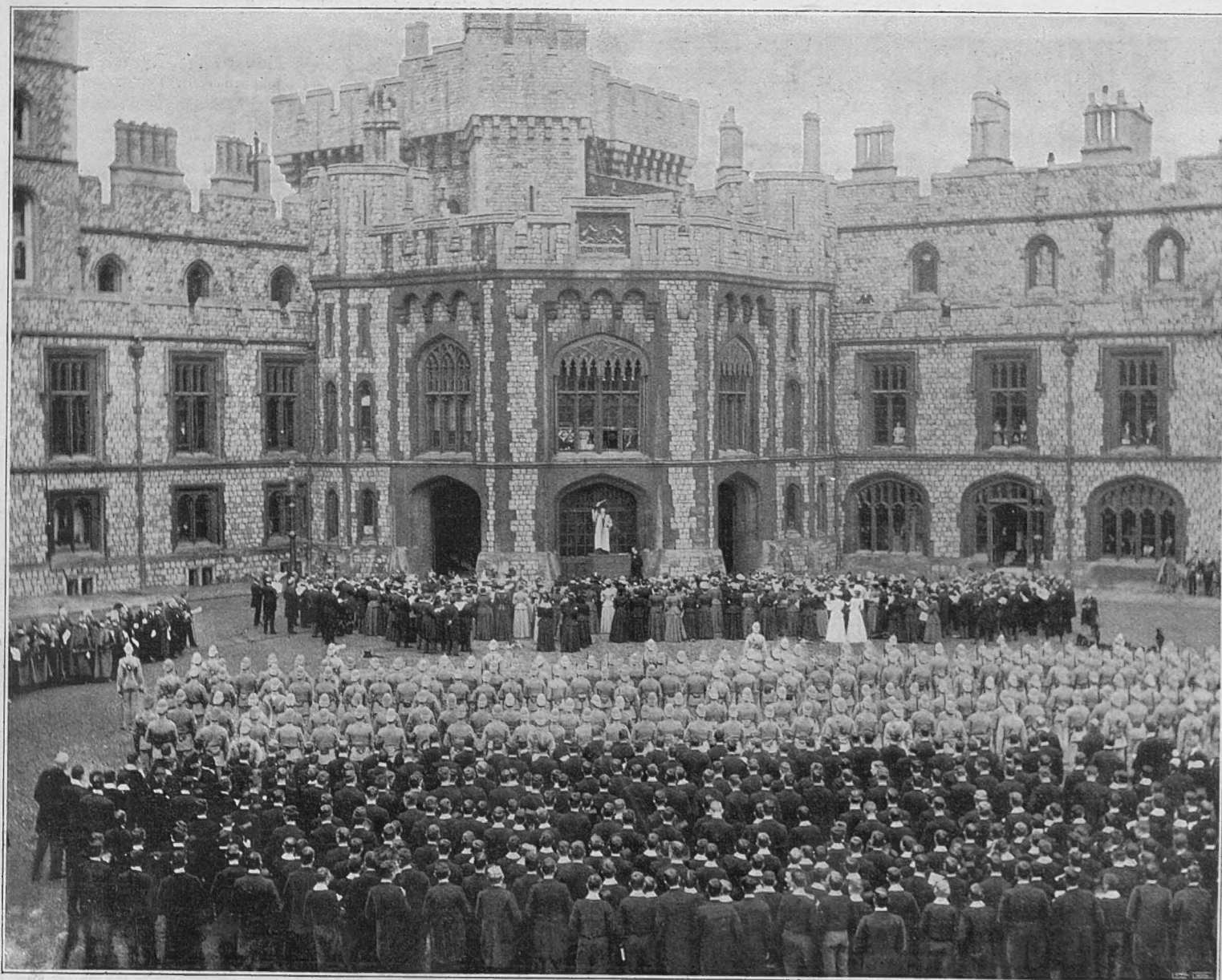
At what a pace we live — even when we have reached fourscore! Just think of the venerable Queen's life during the past month. At the beginning of the month she was at Nice. On the 7th she reached Windsor. Then she came to town, visiting Kensington Palace, laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum extension, and then holding a Drawing-Room and a State Ball. Then back to Windsor for her birthday, which began with the serenading of her Majesty by Sir Walter Parratt's choir and ended by her witnessing "Lohengrin." On Friday evening she set out for far-off Balmoral, which she reached in



THE QUEEN DRIVING THROUGH THE ROYAL ARCH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CASTLE HILL, WINDSOR, ON HER WAY TO THE MAUSOLEUM.

safety after an eighteen hours' journey. The hills may be cold, but they will set the Queen up as little else can do. Small wonder that she flies to her hilly retreat.

The Queen's other occupations on the 17th inst., when she was the central figure of the imposing function at South Kensington, prevented her attending Captain Fritz Ponsonby's wedding at the Guards' Chapel; but, with that graciousness that invariably distinguishes her Majesty, she wrote to the bridegroom assuring him of her sincere interest in his welfare, and wishing him every happiness. The handwriting showed but little traces of her advance in years.



THE CHOIR—UNDER THE WINDOW OF THE OAK ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE—LED BY SIR WALTER PARRATT, SERENADING THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTHDAY. THE ETON BOYS ARE SHOWN AS VOLUNTEERS AND IN MONKEY-JACKETS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, WINDSOR.

By the startlingly sudden death of Lord Esher last week the Metropolis loses one of its most familiar and impressive personalities. It was but a few weeks since that Lord Esher was at the first-night of the Opera, and until quite recently he appeared as hale and hearty, as alert and amusing, as ever. It seemed that he might yet, in spite of his great age (he was born in Waterloo year), have a long lease of life. He was, however, struck down by illness—heart-failure, I believe—a week or two ago when at Heath Farm, his Hertfordshire seat, and since then he had not been in his usual vigorous health. He was sufficiently well, however, for Lady Esher (who, by the way, was a year or two his senior) to be at the Opera a night or two before his death, and I saw him driving on the day before he passed away, and he then complained to a friend of mine that he was feeling somewhat shaky, and doubted if he would occupy his box at the Opera much more this season. He passed away in his sleep, without suffering, and is succeeded in his honours by his only surviving son, Mr. Reginald Brett, who will be remembered as private secretary to Lord Hartington and the author of a very charming history of the Queen's Prime Ministers, entitled "The Yoke of Empire."

Lord Esher's other son, who was in the Guards, came home from the Soudan Campaign in 1882 to die. He is buried at Esher, where his father erected his own tomb many years ago in the shape of a canopy, under which are effigies of his lordship and Lady Esher. His late lamented lordship had visited it periodically to place flowers on it.

The Manacles are merciless. Not content with having wrecked fifty good ships within the past thirty years, including the melancholy *Mohegan*, they have almost claimed the American liner *Paris*, which

went ashore early in the morning of the 20th inst., with 386 passengers and 372 of a crew on board. The *Paris* is 560 feet long, and has a tonnage of 10,795. At the time of writing the vessel had not been got off. But she is a lucky ship, for on a former occasion, you may remember, in 1890, she became utterly helpless at sea with 1050 souls aboard, and yet managed to reach Queenstown safely. On the present occasion no

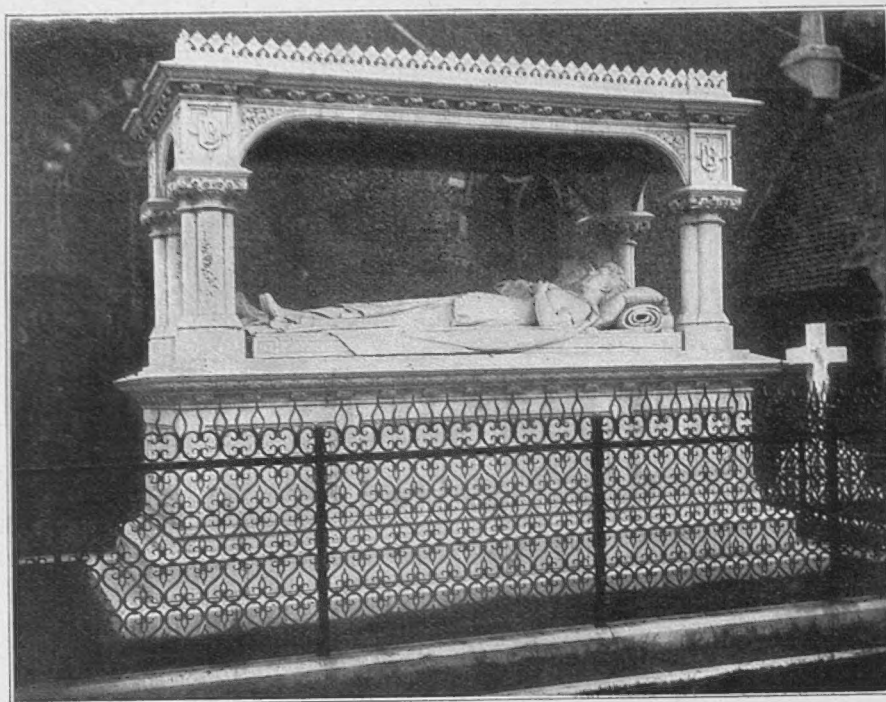
lives were lost, this being largely due to the admirable conduct of both passengers and crew.

Mr. A. F. Murison, whose volume on Sir William Wallace in the "Eminent Scots" Series met with a favourable reception, has just completed for the same publishers, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, a monograph on King Robert the Bruce, based upon an independent examination of the original authorities.

A love of heraldry betokens to the ordinary mind old-fogeyism, yet Mr. Henry Claude Blake, whom her Majesty has recently appointed Athlone Pursuivant of Arms, is only five-and-twenty. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. John Lane Blake, and nephew of Sir Henry Blake, G.C.M.G., Governor of Hong-Kong, and is one of the well-known Galway family of that name

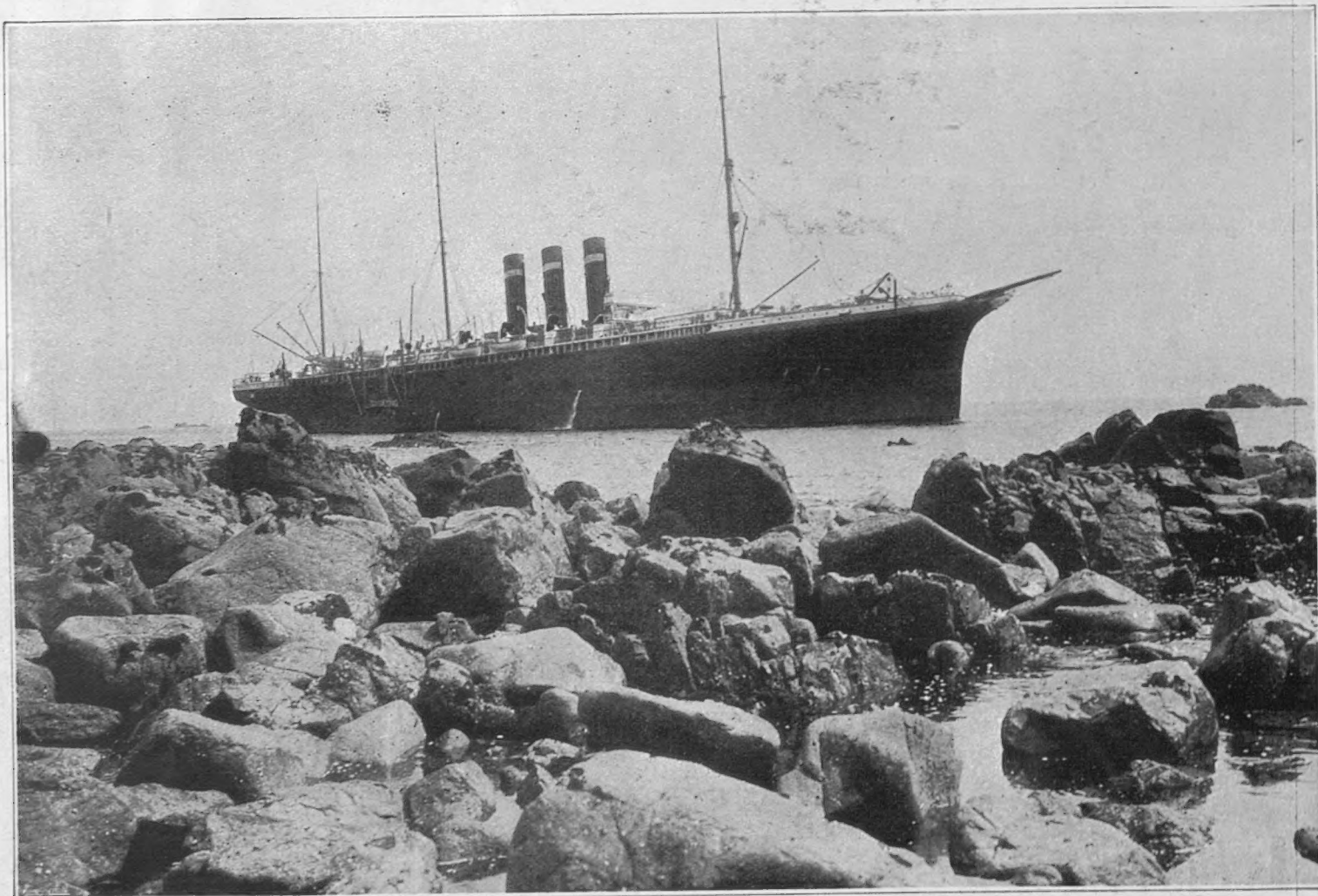
which was dealt with recently in the *Genealogical Magazine*. He has had considerable experience in heraldic and ceremonial matters, and has been one of the principal assistants in the elaborate ceremonials of Investitures of the Order of St. Patrick which have formed such a brilliant feature in the Viceroyalty of the present Earl Cadogan, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Mr. Chevalier continues his recitals at the Queen's Hall, with a new programme. He gives the best one-man show I ever saw.



LORD ESHER BUILT THIS TOMB FOR HIMSELF YEARS AGO.

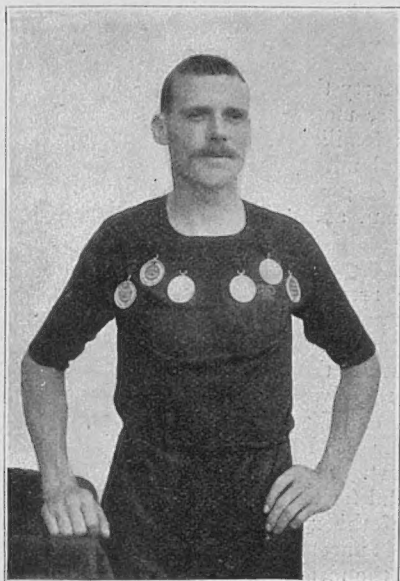
Photo by Fricker, Esher.



THE "PARIS" AGROUND ON THE MANACLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. BURROW, CAMBOURNE, CORNWALL.

Lance-Corporal C. Checkley, of the Black Watch, stationed at Sitapur, is the best runner in the Indian Army; for he carried off the Army Championship, the 1000 Yards, and One Mile for three years in succession. This year he did the 1000 yards in 2 min. 20½ sec; which is the Army record in India. He has done the 1000 yards in 2 min. 19 sec. when training. He also won the Army Mile Championship in 1897, doing the mile in 4 min. 40 sec. This is also an Army record for India.



THE FASTEST RUNNER IN THE
INDIAN ARMY.

If Lord Kitchener's plans are as stated, and if it be true that active preparations are being made for the advance into Darfur and Kordofan in the autumn, to come to a final settlement with the Khalifa, the "Faugh-a-Ballagh" boys will rejoice, for the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers were much annoyed at being left out in the cold in the Khartoum campaign. It is said that the "Aiglers" are a certainty, and that they will be accompanied by another British infantry regiment, also that the 21st Lancers—now "The Empress of India's"—may get another opportunity of adding an "honour," and that

a Field Battery from Malta will be requisitioned. The latter item seems to require some confirmation, for how long has Malta been a station for Field Artillery? The announcement is made by a Service journal, and should therefore have some foundation; but I doubt if there is a mounted battery stationed in the Mediterranean island-fortress. If so, it is only quite recently that this has been the case.

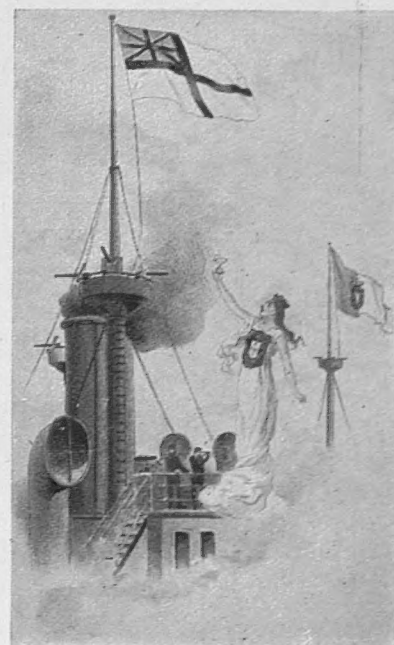
Here are the three non-commissioned officers of the 1st Warwickshire Regiment who have been awarded the medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field for their gallantry at Atbara and Khartoum. Sergeant Richard Darnley was present at both actions of Atbara and Khartoum, where he acted as Canteen Steward, and by his diligence and perseverance was the means of Tommy getting many delicacies he would otherwise have been debarred from. Corporal George Marsden was Regimental Doctor's Orderly, and won golden opinions from all the medical officers he was brought in contact with by his unflinching courtesy and willingness to oblige. His unremitting attentions to the sick and wounded won for him the greatest praise. Sergeant Sam Girling acted as Transport Sergeant to the 1st Brigade during the whole expedition, and was present at the actions of Atbara and Khartoum. During exceptionally trying circumstances his transport was kept in remarkably good condition. He was in charge of the relief party sent out on Sept. 4 with water-bottles and biscuits to succour the wounded Dervishes.

The seamen and officers of the much-boomed American Navy appear to be as superstitiously fond of luck-bringing animals (otherwise known as "mascots") as are their brethren serving under other flags. It seems that Admiral Dewey has a favourite cat, which in some mysterious

manner lost its tail at Manila. A black tom-cat, the four-footed tutelary spirit of the *Maine*, did not lose even one of its nine lives at the now historic explosion, and Captain Sigsbee has further, it appears, a pet pug, whose name is Peggy. Peggy is naturally jealous of her black feline rival for the sailors' affections.

Is it generally known that India has a Naval Defence force all its own, and that Bombay also has a Navy of its own? Anyone who turns to the Navy List will find the names set out of over a hundred and eighty officers serving under Captain W. S. Goodridge, R.N., the Director of the Royal Indian Marine, who is assisted by Captains A. Gwyn and P. J. Falle. Then there is also the Naval Defence of Bombay, under Captain H. L. Fleet. This force comprises two turret-ships, two gun-boats, seven first-class torpedo-boats, and a dépôt-ship, which is the home of the Europeans belonging to the force. About half the force of six hundred officers and men are whites, and the remainder are Lascars. Of course, the expense of maintaining this purely local defence has nothing to do with our Navy Estimates, the cost being entirely defrayed by the Indian Government, just as the people of the Australian colonies pay for their own Naval Defence forces.

The recent visit of the Channel Squadron to the Tagus was the occasion of a series of entertainments. On May 11, Vice-Admiral Rawson, accompanied by the Rear-Admiral, Captains, and the principal officers of the Squadron, attended a banquet given by the King and Queen of Portugal at the Palace. The following day the King and Queen, attended by their suites and the leading members of the Government and officials, lunched with Admiral Rawson on board the *Majestic*. At an early hour the Squadron was decorated with bunting aloft, and, as their Majesties embarked, the fleet fired a royal salute, the bluejackets manning the sides and military tops, the officers being paraded in full-dress. After lunch the royal party again embarked in the state barge, resplendent in gilt and bright colours, and manned by a crew in scarlet livery. Towed by a steam-launch, and followed by the Admiral's barge and a flotilla of steam-boats (conveying distinguished guests), the procession passed slowly down between the British lines, the crews giving hearty cheers, while the guards presented arms and the bands played the Portuguese National Anthem. The festivities were brought to a close on the 13th by a grand banquet given by the Minister of Marine in the Model-Room of the Arsenal to the Admirals, Captains, and officers of the Squadron. The room was handsomely decorated with flags, palms, and flowers, a marked feature being a full-rigged model of a man-of-war, beautifully illuminated by coloured incandescent lights. I reproduce one side of the menu-card, which had been designed by a Portuguese naval officer.



PORTUGAL TOASTS THE UNION JACK.



SERGEANT SAM GIRLING.



SERGEANT R. DARNLEY.



CORPORAL G. MARSDEN.

THESE GALLANT NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 1ST WARWICKSHIRE HAVE BEEN DECORATED WITH THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL FOR THEIR GALLANTRY AT ATBARA AND KHARTOUM.

From Photographs by Vent'iah Brothers, Madras.

Mr. Henry Stanley, for many years Veterinary Surgeon to the South-Eastern Railway Company, has been presented by the Directors with a very handsome testimonial, in recognition of his past long and faithful services. The testimonial took the form of a fine silver epergne of graceful classic design, for fruit and flowers; the base, embellished

with a rich Greek ornament, and supporting two exquisitely modelled figures of sea-nymphs, is of a shaped oval form, while from the centre rises a beautifully wrought and chased column with handsome scroll-work, holding a circular dish of prettily engraved glass, the whole being surmounted by a trumpet-shaped glass vase, ornamented and engraved in character with the rest. This beautiful piece of plate, upon which was engraved a suitable inscription, constitutes a fine specimen of the silver-smith's art, and was supplied by Hunt and Roskell, Limited.

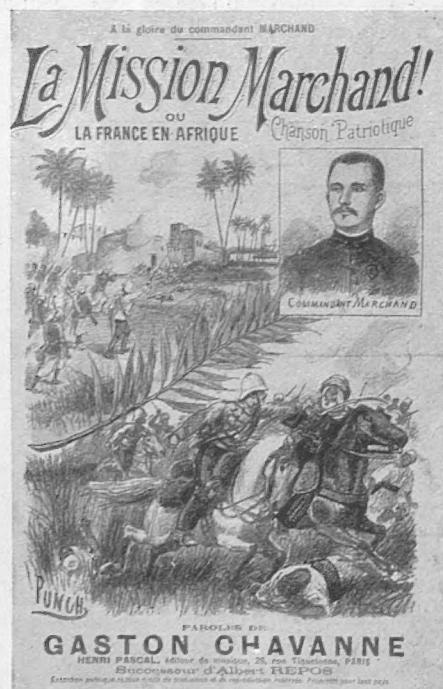


SILVER EPERGNE PRESENTED TO
MR. HENRY STANLEY.

How many landmen have any idea how bluejackets live when at sea? Just now the lower-deck of the Navy is endeavouring to get the authorities to grant them an improved dietary, so that there may be less need for them to spend so much money out of their own pockets to supplement the food provided by the regulations. One great cause of complaint is that, from four o'clock in the afternoon, when the official supper is served, until breakfast the next morning, there is no meal provided. Thus, for a period of fourteen or fifteen hours seamen are supposed to go without any food, and into the bargain they have three or four hours' work in the morning before they get their first meal of the day. The men cannot, of course, endure such an inordinately long fast, so they manage to find an opportunity for a slight meal about seven o'clock; but this meal they have to pay for out of their own pockets unless they happen to have saved some of the food served out to them earlier in the day. In short, bluejackets have to spend a great deal too much in supplementing the official rations, which those who join the Service are led to believe will be sufficient to meet all their needs. The real facts of the case are that men have to spend as much as from five to ten or fifteen shillings a-month each in order to make up for the deficiencies of the official allowances. They do not ask to be pampered, but they do ask to have the dietary rendered less antiquated than at present.

The head of Commandant Marchand will need to be screwed very tightly indeed on his shoulders to escape being turned by the hands of those of his countrymen who make no secret of their intention to use the hero of Fashoda as a stalking-horse for their own little games. If he

resists the insidious attempts to flatter him into doing or saying something rash, Marchand will show that his moral courage is as great as his capacity for supporting physical hardships. It only rests with him to step into the shoes of Boulanger, become for a time the idol of his countrymen, and then, when he has served the purpose of the wire-pullers in the background, finish as poor Boulanger did. Everything that takes place in France, whether serious or trivial, ends, it has been said, in a song or an epigram. Marchand has already attained the first form of celebrity, and for the past few weeks the itinerant musicians of Paris who are always to be found at the street-corners have been chanting his praises. The song finished, they proceed to exchange their bundle of leaflets, all "highly coloured," like the pictures of the



IN HONOUR OF MARCHAND.

Lord Mayor's Procession, for the sous of the patriotic bystanders. Marchand is represented in the most approved manner sabring turbaned, white-bearded Dervishes. The right to reproduce song and picture is stated to be "strictly reserved," so that I am unable to give my readers a translation of all the "compliments" that the poet has paid England.

An important change in the Channel Squadron will mark the return of the ships to England after the rounds of festivities, royal and otherwise, which have been such a feature of the cruise. Rear-Admiral J. W. Brackenbury, who has held the position of second in command of the Squadron since last June, will haul down his flag. Undoubtedly further employment will speedily be found for an officer with so distinguished a record of service. During his forty-three years' connection with the Navy he has played many parts, most of them good fighting parts. Twenty years ago his name was familiar to newspaper readers as the commander of the Naval Brigade landed from the warship *Shah* during the Zulu War, and, after a run of good luck and brilliant service, he joined General Crealock's column, and took part in the advance to Durnford.

When he came home, he received the C.M.G. as his reward, and three years later again smelt powder as Captain of the *Thalia* in the Egyptian War. In 1887 he received the C.B. Another three years passed, and then he was once more in the thick of fighting. As Captain of the *Turquoise*, he took part in the advance of the Naval Brigade against the Sultan of Witu in 1890, an expedition which was organised with much skill by Vice-Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, now the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. Since then Admiral Brackenbury's career has been more peaceful, and for three years, ending October 1896, he was naval officer in charge of the naval establishments at Bermuda. What position he will get next is uncertain, for he has only three more years on the active list unless in the meantime there is an unusually brisk flow of promotion in the flag-list.

The revolt of the 2nd (North) Regiment of the Guernsey Militia has caused a good deal of excitement in the island. It seems to have been brought about by the undue severity of the regimental Adjutant,



THE MUTINOUS GUERNSEY MILITIA DISCUSS THE SITUATION.

Captain Bevill Pym, who expects the men, after they have been at work all day, to go through an hour and a-half's drill as smartly as the regulars. The men who do not appear on parade in the regulation boots are fined half-a-crown, which means a lot to a poor man who perhaps earns only seventeen shillings a-week, and has to support a wife and family. There's where the unoffending suffer. On the 15th inst., the absentees of the preceding week were summoned to attend a drill. They appeared at the Arsenal, but refused to be drilled by the Adjutant. So Colonel J. Leale undertook to drill them. All went well until the Adjutant was called to dismiss them. On his giving the word "Dismiss," not a man moved. Eventually they were dismissed by the Colonel.

The name of James Stewart, M.D., D.D., Hon. F.R.G.S., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, deserves to be linked, by reason of the work its owner has achieved in Africa, with that of David Livingstone. That illustrious missionary-explorer, whose first book, recounting his travels in Africa, roused in James Stewart the desire to found a mission among the peoples of Central Africa, recognised the worth and potentialities of Stewart when he first met him well-nigh forty years ago, and in 1862 he invited Stewart to accompany him up the Shiré to Lake Nyassa, there to see for himself and choose a site for his mission. The death of Mrs. Livingstone, who had joined her husband early that year, frustrated the explorer's plan, and Stewart alone made the ascent of the Shiré River and the Zambesi. Reporting to his Committee that the time was not ripe for the formation of a mission in Central Africa, he was sent in 1863 to Lovedale. Ten years later, when the body of Livingstone was brought to this country, Dr. Stewart was home on a visit, and, as a co-worker with the famous missionary, assisted at the obsequies in Westminster Abbey. Subsequently Dr. Stewart founded the East Central African Mission, under the designation "Livingstonia," and pioneered the way for several similar enterprises that formed the nucleus of the now vast colony of Rhodesia and British Central Africa.

At the dinner to Lord Elgin at the Imperial Institute, the other day, Lord Rosebery remarked that the late Viceroy of India was not likely to forget "the walk we had round Arthur Seat," when he induced Lord Elgin to accept the appointment offered him to serve her Majesty in her greatest Dependency. One wonders if the two peers, on that memorable night, took the low or the high road—whether they kept to the Queen's Drive or ascended the Radical Road. Proceeding northwards along the latter footway, directly at the base of Salisbury Crags, a strange rock conformation often attracts the pedestrian, exhibiting as it does a striking resemblance to the familiar pictures of the great Napoleon, or, viewed from a different standpoint, the profile of Earl Beaconsfield. There is an old castle at Headland Point, too, in the Isle of Man, that presents the lineaments of an old man's face, scarred and furrowed. It was of this castle, by the way, Thomas Campbell—who, while a student at Edinburgh and a lodger in Allison Square, was wont to stroll of an evening to Arthur Seat, and there composed "The Pleasures of Hope"—wrote in one of his poems that "this old house would never want a head."

His Highness Maharaja Bhanwar Pal Deo Bahadur Yadukul Chaudra Bhal, K.C.I.E., who, born in 1864, succeeded by adoption to the gadi in 1886, claims, like the Chief of Jessulmer, descent from the Yadu or Jadon Kings, one of the most ancient races in India. He is fond of sport himself, and his liberality in providing visitors with tigers is the more commendable, though even the many tigerish ravines which abound in his State cannot always be relied on for "a sure find."

Though proud of sword and shield, the Rajput's emblems, the Karauli family all bear the distinguishing appellation of "Pal," in token that they, as descendants of Sri Krishna, are protectors (*pal*) of cows, whereas the lion (*singh*) does not respect the sacred animal.

The Parish of Ardelach, near Dunphail, and adjoining the estate of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, has the distinction of possessing a veritable latter-day hermit. After serving his Queen and country under sunnier skies than those of his Northern birthplace, Duncan Mackay led a nomadic life, and worked throughout the country as a navvy at railways and works of a similar nature. More recently he turned his exertions to the lighter handicrafts of "shedding besoms" and



THE CHIEF OF KARAULI HAS A PEDIGREE OF ENORMOUS LENGTH.

Photo by Hoffmann, Calcutta.

"thrawing saugh woodies" and peddling them about. Chance led him to a plot of heather in the woods of Lethen, where he has built a hut, and lives in the solitude of the forest. In the district around he has won for himself the sobriquet of the "Man in the Wood"; the hermit does not, however, wholly eschew the company of his fellows, and is always ready, when he encounters a stranger, to enter into conversation, in which, by reason of a retentive memory, keen observing faculties, and his philosophical view of life, he generally astonishes his auditor. The Hon. John Gordon, M.P. for Moray and Nairn, has been interesting himself in the "Man in the Wood," and recently made him the subject of a benefaction.

The Marquis of Bute, who is at present busy with the proofs of his forthcoming book dealing with Ballechin and its reputed "haunted house," has become so associated with the renovation of mediæval ecclesiastical ruins and the re-establishment therein of Roman Catholic Orders, that one learns with surprise that the Marquis's father was a staunch Protestant, and was, for a number of years, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Scotch Kirk. Loyalty to the Established Church on the father's part was fully shared by the old Marchioness, during whose lifetime the present Marquis became a Roman Catholic. Among his valuable collection of books, none is more cherished by the Marquis than the well-thumbed Bible of his mother. A portion of the parish church of Kingarth, in Buteshire, is still known as "The Marquis's Gallery," and some of the older residents remember how the parishioners, on his lordship leaving church, drew up in two lines to allow him to pass through. They recall, too, how the Marquis, with the natural shyness which remains his characteristic, did so with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

Madame Beatrice Langley, the violinist, has organised a concert to-day at St. James's Hall in aid of the Rev. E. Bans's Homes for Destitute Boys.

Professor Lorimer, whose name is mentioned in connection with one of the points to be considered by the Peace Conference, held the Chair of International Law in the University of Edinburgh from 1862 to 1889. It is no exaggeration to say that the brilliance of his works on international jurisprudence made the Faculty of Law in his *Alma Mater* renowned throughout Europe and established his name firmly among the few great philosophical jurists of the nineteenth century. His principal published writings were "Institutes of Law," "Institutes of the Law of Nations" (translated into both French and Italian), "Constitutionalism of the Future," and "Studies National and International," the latter, a posthumous collection, being prefaced by a biographical note by Gustave Rolin - Jacquemyns, Belgian Minister and Professor in the University of Brussels. It is interesting to note that his eldest son is Mr. J. H. Lorimer, the distinguished artist, and that two of his daughters are married to men who have been closely associated with affairs of an international nature, the eldest to Sir David Chalmers, for many years Chief Justice of British Guiana and recently Government Commissioner to report on the difficulties in Gambia, and the second daughter to Mr. Im Thurn, Governor-General and Boundary Commissioner of Venezuela.



MADAME BEATRICE LANGLEY.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

The other day, the Earl of Perth, the oldest peer in the House of Lords, celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Among the Earl's other titles are included Hereditary Thane of Lennox, and Hereditary Steward of Monteith and Strathearn, and, while fourteenth Earl of Perth, he is sixth Earl of Melfort. He succeeded his uncle, the fifth Earl and Duke of Melfort and thirteenth Earl of Perth, as long ago as 1840, and nine years previous to that date married Baroness Albertine de Rotberd, widow of General Comte Rapp. After remaining a widower for five years, he married again in 1847. The Earl, unlike his predecessor, is a Protestant, and a Conservative of the old school. He joined the 93rd Highlanders seventy-five years ago, and from 1853 till 1859 was Major of the Victoria Middlesex Rifles. By an Act of Parliament unanimously passed by both Houses, and receiving the royal assent in June 1853, the Earl obtained a reversal of all attainders. He owns no landed property, and spent years in litigation to recover the ancient family estate of Drummond Castle.

William Huntly, Viscount Strathallan, is the Earl's heir to the Perth peerages, his daughter, Lady Grace Drummond, inheriting the Scottish and French Melfort peerages. Another of the oldest members of the House of Lords, though the junior of the Earl of Perth by nearly twelve years, is the Duke of Richmond—a by no means landless grandee, his estates covering an area of 286,500 acres. Born at Richmond House, Whitehall, on Feb. 27, 1819, Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox, now the bearer of numerous titles, succeeded his father in 1860, and in 1876 was created Duke of Gordon and Earl of Kinrara.



HOMESTEAD LADY DOCKLEAF.

Photo by Meyers, Enfield Town.

Homestead Lady Dockleaf, Mr. Charles Hathaway's beautiful red bull-bitch, is considered by many critics as the best living. She has a splendid body, grand skull, faultless fore-face, and good ears—in fact, she is as near perfection as possible. She is also as amiable and sweet-tempered as anyone could desire, as are most of her breed. She is the daughter of the famous Champion Dockleaf ex Lady Enfield, though in appearance she more closely resembles her grandsire, the late Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon's old favourite, Dandelion. She is nearly five years old, and her catalogue price is £5000.

To avoid another water-famine, new and larger water-pipes are being laid in Oxford Street. The old ones, which were laid down two hundred and fifty years ago, are very curious and interesting. They are simply oak-tree trunks bored out and coned down at one end, one pipe thus



WOODEN WATER-PIPES JUST TAKEN UP FROM OXFORD STREET.

fitting into the other. These pipes are some five to eight feet long, and have a bore of eight to twelve inches. On cutting a section through one of the pipes, the wood was as good as new, although it had been buried two and a-half centuries.

"Why is it my rival will always be Mr. Bronson?" asks the Polite Lunatic in "The Belle of New York." Similarly, why is it that Albion should always be insulting France?—for the duel between M. Catulle Mendès, the poet, and M. Vanor is directly due to Stratford-on-Avon. M. Vanor said Hamlet was fat; M. Mendès said he was slim. Then M. Mendès slapped M. Vanor's face, and M. Vanor knocked the poet down a flight of stairs. So M. Mendès called him out at the Island of the Grande Jatte on the Tuesday, only to be wounded. I deal with fat and slim Hamlets elsewhere in this issue. Meanwhile, let me set the story to a jingle—

It is very, very plain that Lord Hamlet was a Dane
(Though his type may be regarded as generic);
And there's scarcely room to question that he really was insane,
Or, at any rate, remarkably hysteric.
His heart went pit-a-pat, like a spent aërostat
(There never was a critic who could doubt it);
But we're puzzled when we're queried—Was he lank or was he fat?
And the French have had a jolly fight about it.

One, a jaunty journalist, would assertively insist
That the melancholy Hamlet was lymphatic;
But Catullus, who is nothing if not poet-rhapsodist,
Thought the want of breath distinctly undramatic.
And he told the critic flat that our Hamlet wasn't fat;
The critic heard the argument to flout it,
So they travelled (with their weapons) to the Island of Grande Jatte,
And they simply had a deadly fight about it.

Was there ever such a play that could barbarously slay
Two lovers and a father and a mother?
And Laertes went to Hades in a very needless way—
Now we've almost had the slaughter of another.
It is bad enough to think that an ocean full of ink
Should be slung about when critics come to clout it;
But it isn't such a joke when you calmly set to pink
The man with whom you go and fight about it.

Our England, it appears, must set Frenchmen by the ears
(For "Albion perfidious" is historic);
Now it's Kitchener that causes Major Marchand's sorry tears,
And now it is a story allegoric.
Did a fast or hearty meal to the Danish Prince appeal?—
We think the point is small enough to scout it;
But the point you're bound to feel when an inch or two of steel
Makes you cripple when you've had a fight about it.

By the way, Mr. Clement Scott writes: "It may be interesting to place on record a list of the different adaptations of 'Hamlet' that have been done in France—

- 1769. Théâtre Français. Tragedy, five acts, by Ducis.
- Undated. Tragedy, five acts, by Dumas and Vacquerie.
- 1817. Théâtre Historique. Drama, five acts, by Dumas, Meurice, and Maquet.
- " Piece in three acts, by Henri.
- " Vaudeville, one act, by Scribe.
- 1863. Opera, five acts, by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré; music by Ambroise Thomas.
- 1886. Porte St. Martin. Drama, five acts, by Charles Sampson and Lucien Cressonnois.
- 1893. Grand Théâtre, Nantes. Opera, five acts, by Garat and Hignard.

In the drama at the Porte St. Martin, by Sampson and Cressonnois, Sarah Bernhardt played Ophelia. This is the last version, in which Sarah Bernhardt does not play Ophelia, but Hamlet—

Saturday, May 20, 1899. Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. "La Tragique Histoire

d'Hamlet, Prince de Danemark." Dramo en Fiffteen Tableaux de William Shakspeare. Traduction en prose de MM. Eugène Morand et Marcel Schwob. Madame Sarah Bernhardt—Hamlet."

So Rosa Bonheur is dead. The event is peculiarly melancholy in view of the fact that she had a picture in this season's Salon for the first time in thirty years. The event has caused in Paris a considerable emotion. The crowds pause and hush before this canvas, and say to each other with reverence, "C'est de Rosa Bonheur," whereby it is evident that she was dear to the heart of the people, however she was forgotten or neglected by the world of art. The authorities at once expressed the propriety of awarding her the Medal of Honour, but, as the proposition brought out some disobliging newspaper talk, the artist wrote to the Committees, refusing absolutely the attention, protesting that the subject she exhibited was of too little consequence. The artist did not need this homage, however much it might have given her pleasure, but the Committees could hardly have honoured themselves more than by laying it at her feet. The great artist was born in 1822. Rosa Bonheur had lived and worked quite apart from the French world. The motives she herself was the last to noise abroad. What expression of egotism from the fraternity of artists or of critics may have wounded her, what neglect of her countrymen may have chilled her, no one ever knew from her. She had seen Paris in these years veer like a windmill in its search for new idols. She had seen impressionism, among others, rise, paint the Salons Prussian-green, and go out of fashion. She could afford to regard this oscillation with patience; time has judged it, and will judge her.

After forty-nine years of naval service, it might have been supposed that Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax would be well pleased to see no more of the worry and anxiety of official life. There are some men, however, who like to be always up and doing, and Admiral Fairfax is one of these. He has just been chosen for the very responsible position of Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, though he will soon be in his sixtieth year. Next month, he will succeed Sir E. R. Fremantle on his retirement, after the usual three years in this position, which carries with it emoluments amounting to £3420 a-year. Admiral Fairfax has had a career that fully justifies the selection which has been made. He joined the Navy over forty-nine years ago, and has been almost continuously employed since. When only twenty-five he won promotion to Commander by his success as a slave-chaser.

Miss Maggie Ford is a clever little dancer who has tripped it in "High Sassiety, Real Sassiety" (as Connie Ediss would say), before now.



MISS MAGGIE FORD IN THE "TOMTIT" DANCE.

She recently took the part of principal dancer in the "Nell Operetta" at Nottingham, and has danced at the Crystal Palace, and many times at matinées. She also danced once for Mr. J. B. Mulholland at the Métropole Theatre.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt is the Woman Golf Champion of America, and always has been. That is to say, for three years there have been national Golf Tournaments for women, and each year Miss Hoyt has far outdistanced any who competed with her. She is but eighteen years of age, and she first won the championship when but fifteen. Miss Hoyt is related to Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and her family is very prominent socially. She is a tall, graceful girl, with the most abounding health and spirits. She lives just out of New York City, in West Chester County, where there are so many country-houses of the wealthy New York families. There is a clubhouse and also golf-links, and Miss Hoyt plays every day of her life, except when it is too stormy or on Sundays. She was to be seen playing frequently over the snow, practising driving. Miss Hoyt is looking forward to meeting some of the English lady players in an international contest.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BULAWAYO: IN A NEW CITY THEY CAN ENJOY WIDE STREETS.

Sent by Mr. Sanderson, Bulawayo.

For some years, managers of London music-halls have been endeavouring to formulate some working arrangement by which expensive spectacles produced in town can be transferred, "lock, stock, and barrel," to America. In these days of production regardless of

cost, many a spectacle wears out its welcome before its wardrobe is seriously damaged. The last few seasons have seen materials for use in ballet costing nearly £3 the yard, and the provincial pantomime market can no longer afford the luxury of second-hand ballet-dresses. America has bought one or two London productions — the Empire ballet, "Faust," for example — and it is likely that the Empire and Alhambra will ultimately succeed in transferring their ballets. American managers are not well pleased with the prospect, and do not wish to see New York and its big sister-

cities repeating a year-old English success. Consequently, they are combining to form a giant Music-hall Trust that shall exercise effective control over New York, Chicago, and Boston. Should the Trust succeed, it is likely to lead to a partial boycott of American "turns" at some of the best London halls. Persistent antagonism or rivalry between New York and London is to be deplored, for recent years have shown conclusively that the one city helps to amuse the other, and the demand for foreign "turns" has led to a great rise in salaries. He who gets £12 a-week at home gets £30 or £40 abroad. A combination in London or New York would benefit its directors and injury the majority of workers.

The *Bump* has come out for the second time. It comes out only once a-year (in Eights' week), and is edited by Mr. Basil H. Davies, of Lincoln. The undergraduate's wit runs loose in its pages. Thus—

There was a redoubtable coxswain,
Who had beautiful curly brown loxswain:
At a ball that you know, he
Appeared as May Yohe,
In one of the lady's own froxswain.

Admirers of Zola the author—all people must be admirers of Zola the man—will find in the latest discoveries of Dr. Le Bon a very quick development of the dreams of the scientist in that amazing novel, "Paris." The doctor's researches into the powers and scope of electricity have led him to believe that the electrician of the near future will make war impossible. When electric power can be transmitted from the laboratory of the scientist to the magazines of a man-of-war or the cartridge-belt of the soldier on the march, causing all explosives to fulfil

Not the least interesting personality to the Peace Conference Delegates is the octogenarian painter, Josef Israels. He lives at The Hague, and his house is the shrine to which wanderers from all parts of the earth come to pay their respects. The painter is old only in years; he yet takes a keen interest in all matters going on around him. His son, who follows in his father's footsteps, has already made a name as an artist, and Josef Israels has been heard to say, "I wish I had a talent equal to my son's." The new Amsterdam Gallery of Modern Painters, opened last summer, contains many specimens of the Master's work, in which the student can trace his development through a very interesting period in the history of modern Dutch art. By the way, the works of the elder brethren of the modern school are appreciating in value year by year, and Holland boasts so many wealthy connoisseurs that few specimens of the best work leave the country.

I do not wonder that Deeside has such a fascination for the Queen. I have just seen a volume of verse written by Mrs. Gordon, and beautifully illustrated with sketches of Deeside scenery by her sister, Miss Florence Paul. The book interests me not merely on account of these pictures, but because I always have a keen pleasure in handling a book turned out wholly in a provincial town. Edinburgh prints most of our best books; and (with memories of Scott within me) I am sorry to think it has ceased to produce them. Mrs. Gordon's tastes are simple in point of matter and medium. Thus, she practises the four-line stanza,



MISS BEATRIX HOYT.
The Best Woman Golfer in America.



JOSEF ISRAELS.



MRS. GORDON.
Photo by Morgan.

with but two rhymes in it, which tends towards great monotony, and does not increase the value of the thought, for the elaborate artificiality of the old French forms, like the ballade, in demanding extraordinarily careful mechanism, has also created a more camouflaged kind of thought than would otherwise have been the case.

their function, the game is played out, and "grim visag'd war" shall "smooth his wrinkled front." The latest discoveries of the young Swede referred to a few weeks ago, quickly followed by the publication of Dr. Le Bon's researches in Paris, must lead to the conclusion laid down in Zola's novel, that Science will be the universal peacemaker.

The Prince of Wales as a horse-breeder is a distinct success. Last week he sold at Wolverton sixty-nine horses, which realised 11,601 guineas, or about £176 each. Among the Prince's customers were Sir Thomas Lipton, who bought a bay mare, *Fille du Régiment*, for 650 guineas;



COUP-DE-GRÂCE, SOLD BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO SIR E. VINCENT FOR 925 GUINEAS.

Sir E. Vincent, who gave 925 guineas for a handsome chestnut, *Coup-de-Grâce*; Lord Iveagh, who paid 1050 guineas for *Victor*; while the Duke of Marlborough gave 56 guineas for *Lady Belle*. The Prince entertained his customers to luncheon.

If you want a Shetland pony cheap, now is your opportunity. An animal that would have cost £15 a few years ago you can now get for £10. The explanation of this is to be found in the popularity of cycling. People who used to give their children Shetland ponies now give them bicycles instead. The cycle costs less to buy, and has not to be fed, and it is the fashion. Hence the decreased demand for Shetland ponies. This is unfortunate for the ponies, who, on their bleak native hills and heaths, fare very scantily at times, and are fain to make a meal of seaweed, while the inside of a stable they never see even in the worst of weather. When now exported from Shetland it is usually for the purpose of being employed as beasts of burden in coal-mines, once consigned to which they never see daylight again—a sad change from the free if at times hard life they are accustomed to at home, and an existence contrasting very forcibly and unfavourably with that enjoyed by those who have the luck to become the petted playmates of the children of what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls “the comfortable classes.”

Collectors of Dickensiana should make a point of getting “*Mr. Pickwick's Kent*,” a little shilling book published at Rochester, with thirty pictures written round by Mr. Hammond Hall, who has done his work with great care. The book forms an indispensable key to “*The Pickwick Papers*.”

One scarcely ever takes up a book concerning the Army without lighting on many errors of more or less importance. This especially



HIDDEN FIRE, SOLD BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MR. ALFRED LEWIS FOR 130 GUINEAS.

applies to “*Directories*” and “*Lists*” other than the official ones, which may be presumed to be correct. Thus, in searching for information the other day in a “*Military Directory*,” I noted that the uniform of several regiments is wrongly given. For instance, the 18th Hussars are said to have a “white” busby-bag, whereas the regiment has the most sombre of any Hussar regiment, a very dark blue; and the 21st Lancers are given scarlet facings instead of French-grey. Then the 20th Hussars are said to have a “white” plume; but this should be given as yellow, to which colour it was altered, not so very long ago, by special request of the regiment, from crimson, the colour of the busby-bag. But perhaps the most astonishing blunder is the crediting of the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars with no “honours,” whereas the 4th shares with the 16th Lancers the distinction of the longest battle-roll of any cavalry regiment in the service. Indeed, the 4th were at Dettingen, and their long list closes with the Crimea, where they took part in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade. Then both the 11th Hussars and the 12th Lancers are shorn of their earliest honour, “*Egypt*,” for which each regiment bears the badge of “*The Sphinx*.” But these errors by no means exhaust the list, some of the blunders being very curious.

There is an absence of all pretence about the motives that have presided at the organisation of the fêtes that are to take place in Paris next month, in the week succeeding the running of the Grand Prix, that is really quite refreshing. As everyone is aware, tradition has it that the day of the big race marks the close of the Paris season. Every self-respecting *louis-d'or* in the city, as well as most of the sovereigns, dollars, roubles, and marks that may happen at the time to be enjoying its “hospitality,” are supposed to take wings unto themselves, and fly away to *château*, *plage*, or mountain, leaving the tradesman disconsolate, with nothing but “tokens” of the baser sort to cheer his solitude. “Why not run the Grand Prix later?” he has been moaning



POLO AT HURLINGHAM: FINAL OF THE SOCIAL CLUB TOURNAMENT. A RUSH BY THE NIMROD CLUB.

for a long time past. “Give us but another week's grace! In seven days, with luck, we can dispose of half our stocks.” “Impossible!” answered the Jockey Club. “As well try to interfere with the laws of the Medes and Persians. The date of the Grand Prix is inseparably dependent upon that of the Epsom Derby.” (“We knew it, we knew it. English intrigue on all hands!”) And so, as the Grand Prix cannot be put off, it has been decided to try and extend the season by artificial means. During the seven days that are comprised between the 12th and the 18th of June, there are to be pageants and rejoicings for all tastes.

Why does the bull so strongly object to a red rag? While the professional physiologists do not, as yet, appear to have found any very satisfactory explanation of the fact, a French manufacturer of photographic materials professes to have discovered that bulls are by no means the only members of the animal kingdom who are excited by anything red. A very large number of hands are employed in the manufactory, both male and female, and most of the work has hitherto been performed in rooms to which all the light that was admitted came through panes of red glass. Hardly a day passed without some terrific disturbance taking place among the workpeople. Now it was a duel almost to the death between two of the men, now between two of the women; sometimes the *mêlée* was general. “Workshop Regulations” were absolutely ignored, and no amount of fines or other punishments seemed to have any permanent deterrent effect. This state of affairs was assumed, until recently, to be inseparable from work carried on in uncomfortable conditions. At length it occurred to some bright spirit that the red panes of glass might be at fault, and it was decided to try what the effect of green panes would be. The effect was instantaneous. From that day a sudden peace fell upon the whole workshop that had never been known before. Bickering and fighting ended as if by enchantment, and voice of man or woman was never heard raised above a whisper.

The Paris concert-hall stage has produced in the last decade two or three remarkable men artists and as many women. These, developing amidst what is considered as a rather mediocre average, have been hailed by the public as gems found in a mine. A promising candidate to this high rank in the public favour is Mdlle. Polaire, who is acclaimed by the audiences of Eldorado and La Scala. Mdlle. Polaire is an eccentric singer (*chanteuse excentrique*). She has irresistible comic gifts, which she knows how to temper with a curiously original form of pathos. No one contests her to-day the rank of a "star."

Among the younger members of the French Opera stage, Mdlle. Chambellan has won a certain place. She is a high soprano. Her art has been consecrated by the Paris Opéra-Comique, where she has sung leading rôles in "Lackme" and "Fille du Regiment." Her ambitions are to a place in Grand Opera, to which her friends say she may legitimately aim.

Susanne Dalbray, the French singer and actress, made her début at the Folies-Dramatiques in "Nicol Nick." Thence she went to the Bouffes-Parisiens, where she played in "L'Enlèvement de la Toledad," and the rôle of Louise in "Mousquetaires au Couvent." She has played at the Athénée-Comique and at the Menus-Plaisirs. Recently she has made a speciality of songs of the eighteenth century, which she sings in costume in the private salons of Paris.

Mr. F. R. Benson's contemplated Shaksperian repertory season, in conjunction with Mr. Schulz-Curtius at the Lyceum, in the course of the winter, may be regarded as an ambitious sequel to the similar "subscription" seasons of legitimate drama that have been given latterly in such large provincial cities as Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Newcastle, and so on.

The young Hungarian novel-writers have left far behind the school created by Kemény, developed by Josik, and made glorious by Jokai; they are all influenced by foreign streams, especially by the French, and

lately by the Scandinavian. Among the first-rate talents, Mikszáth alone has preserved the charms of native Hungarian individuality in his writings; the others have cultivated the themes elaborated in other countries, adding nothing of their own, and trying, as if purposely, to rub out the "Hungarism," perhaps in order to give to their work a pan-human colouring. In the group of younger writers, Jules Werner is an exception; his fancy still thrills to the heroic past of Hungary. He was born in 1862, at Onod, in the comitate of Borsod. He studied law in the University of Buda-Pesth, and then he chose the Diplomatic career. His speeches are greatly appreciated in the Hungarian Parliament; he writes political articles, full of verve and erudition, for *Nemzet* and *Magyar Ujság*, and his free moments he devotes to writing novels. He began his literary career during his military service, by some short poems called "His Love-Story," and by a dramatic picture, "Goethe in Weimar," written in verse. Being encouraged by the critics, he began to write novels, of which the most successful are "Antens," "Andras-falvi de Andrasfalva," and "August." His latest success is the novel called "From the Ashes"; it is a sequel to "Emeryk Kendi's Marriage." He has also written a volume of short stories, to which he has given the title "Olga." In Werner's works, the background, story, humour, and types are purely national; the action is lively and interest-

ing, and his style possesses unusual strength and plasticity. All these qualities have naturally assured him a deserved fame in his own country, and in the future may win the same recognition in foreign lands, as in the case of the great Jokai.



MDLLE. DALBRAY.



MDLLE. CHAMBELLAN.



MDLLE. POLAIRE.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

The Crystal Palace is now recognised as incontestably the finest football-ground in the world. Whether it will gain equal renown as a cricket-ground remains to be seen. The club will be somewhat hampered in the first season of its existence by having to take over some of the fixtures of the old Crystal Palace Club but, even with this disadvantage, it has managed to secure a capital programme. On June 19, Sydenham will be invaded by the M.C.C., while among other interesting matches already arranged to take place on the Palace ground are W. G. Grace's team *v.* Oxford University on June 26—obviously a trial game for the Dark Blues before the 'Varsity match at Lord's; London County Cricket Club *v.* Wiltshire on July 27; Cheltenham *v.* Haileybury on Aug. 3; and the London County Cricket Club *v.* Worcestershire on Aug. 21. A couple of months ago there was some talk of transferring the scene of the Harrow and Eton match from Lord's—where it is notorious that more than half of the spectators never catch a sight of the youthful batsmen and bowlers—to the Crystal Palace ground. But though every year swells the body of grumblers over this match, the Harrow and Eton authorities are the most conservative body in the world, and it is safe to predict that the present generation will not see the Harrow and Eton fixture played elsewhere than at Lord's. Besides, every Old Etonian and Harrovian would consider that the country was going to the dogs if their old schools were to desert Lord's.



A WOODLAND ROAD IN WEST HERTS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

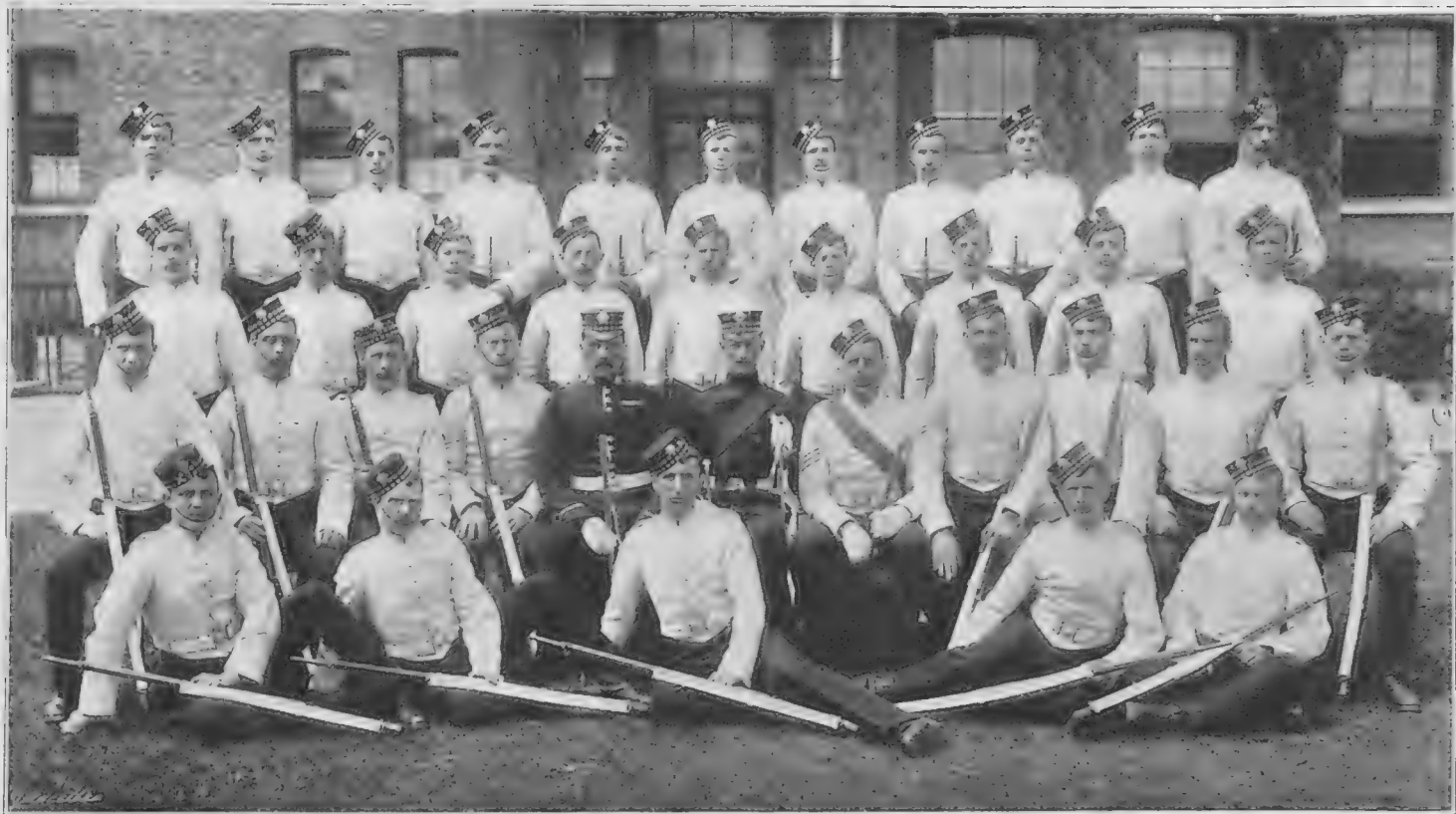
The Parish Church of Kilsyth, near Glasgow, narrowly escaped being burned to the ground the other day. As it was, the spire was gutted and the interior of the church somewhat damaged by water. It may not be generally known that Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was married to Jean, daughter of Lord Cochrane, and her remains rest in the aisle of this church. She married again a member of the Kilsyth family. Lady Kilsyth and her infant son were smothered to death in the fall of a house in which they were residing in Holland, in 1695. Their remains were embalmed and brought to Leith, where the coffin lay for some time ere interment at Kilsyth. One hundred years later the remains were accidentally disclosed, and hundreds flocked to see the mummy of Lady Kilsyth, as perfect as when she fell asleep in death, with her infant laid at her breast. On her right temple there was still visible a large wound, covered with a black patch of silk, while the features bore marks of anxiety. She had beautiful auburn hair and a fine complexion. When first opened, the place was filled with odoriferous perfumes. The coffin was afterwards walled up within the vault, and an inscription placed over it. There is a picture of the scene in the Appendix to Mark Napier's

Memoirs of Claverhouse, and also a picture and an account of the scene in "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland," Vol. II., by T. Garnett, M.D., issued by Cadell and Davies in 1800.



THE DRESSING-ROOM AT THE OVAL.

Photo by Mr. S. Ellis.



THE 2ND SCOTS GUARDS, WHO ARE THE CHAMPIONS OF THE PHYSICAL DRILL AND BAYONET EXERCISE COMPETITIONS IN THE HOME DISTRICT.

The team which carried off the "Daily Telegraph" Prize was in charge of Lieutenant J. A. G. King, and commanded by Sergeant Mann. It practised at Runnymede and Pirbright. One of the team was prevented from shooting, and his place was taken by a reserve man at the last moment. The Physical Drill and Bayonet Exercise team has been very ably and carefully trained by Sergeant Moncur. The photograph shows Lieutenant J. C. Heriot-Maitland, the Adjutant, in the middle; Sergeant-Major Sibary is sitting on his right, Sergeant Moncur on his left. The team has won the two competitions at the Home District Tournament.



THE TEAM FROM THE 2ND SCOTS GUARDS WHO WON THE "TELEGRAPH" CUP.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALL, REGENT STREET, W.

WHAT A TROTTING RACEHORSE CAN DO.

To-day sees the sporting Englishman at the highest pitch of excitement, for the Derby will be run. America also has its gallopers, but its real interest lies in the trotter, whose popularity is gradually increasing in England. The pace that some of these trotters attain in racing is

racehorses; they are conditioned like them, having as much "corn" as they can eat, but not much hay, and given plenty of work at half-speed, with three "repeat" miles, once or twice a week, beginning each mile at half-speed, increasing the speed at the half-mile, and finishing the last



FIDES STANTON TROTS A MILE IN 2 MIN. 12½ SEC.



JOE W., BIGGEST TROTTER EVER TROTTED—1 MILE IN 2 MIN. 12½ SEC.

simply wonderful, bearing in mind that they never break from a trot, and never gallop like a racehorse. Taking the distance of a mile, we find that a racehorse covers it in about one minute and forty-five seconds; this is within a second or two of the time occupied in such first-class races as the Two Thousand Guineas and the Jubilee Stakes. A trotter will cover the same distance in a few seconds over the two minutes, and it must be remembered that he draws a two-wheeled carriage with his driver in. These carriages are, of course, very light, weighing from twenty-three pounds upwards, and are known as "sulkies," while four-wheeled carriages are called "wagons." In America there are two classes of trotting—one with professional drivers, who use the sulky, the other for amateur drivers, who are confined to wagons. Owing to the somewhat difficult nature of sitting a sulky behind a trotter at racing speed, amateur drivers, by their rules of racing, are bound to use a four-wheeled carriage.

The photographs show Mr. Walter Winans, of Surrenden Park, Kent, driving at full speed some of his finest trotters in both sulky and wagon. The rule with regard to amateurs has led to the building of wagons as light as possible, and that used with a pair of trotters is built with cycle-wheels, pneumatic tyres, and ball-bearings; it runs as smoothly as a bicycle, and is known as a Cafrey "Speeding Wagon." The two-wheeled sulky Lake Erie is shown in is a Frazier "Jogging Cart," which is barred for amateurs, but Mr. Winans prefers it for his own use in conditioning a horse, as it is lighter than any wagon, and it is handier if a horse is fresh or shies, but it requires much practice and some nerve to drive in it.

Trotters are trained much in the same manner as are ordinary

quarter as fast as the horse can "brush"; then cool off, and repeat the proceedings again twice. A trotter should never be driven at his top speed, or "brushed," more than a few hundred yards, any more than a sprint runner would "sprint" far; it is trying to drive these horses so many miles "in the hour" which is the chief cause of English trotters having comparatively poor speed as compared with Americans, which are trained on the "brush" system.

Fides Stanton is one of the finest trotters in Mr. Winans' stables, and in a trial at Wembley Park last year covered half-a-mile in 1 min. 5 sec.

Lake Erie is a racehorse of distinction, a superb specimen of the equine race, and as game as a pebble. In America he has won many races, and on a trial mile did the distance in 2 min. 9½ sec.

The largest trotter in the world is Joe W. He stands 13½ hands high, and in Canada he won a five-mile trot, distancing his field after the first three miles.

A superb pair are Barney F. and Fides Stanton, and they cover the mile in two minutes and fifteen seconds. Their action is simply perfect, and, going at this pace, nearly thirty miles an hour, they take some holding. They are entered in

the forthcoming show at Wembley Park for American trotting pairs, and it will take a fast pair to beat them. When Barney F. was shipped from America, the Sporting Press said of him that he was the handsomest trotter ever sent to Europe, and he certainly deserves their encomiums.

During the first fortnight in June these horses will be at the shows at the Crystal Palace and at Wembley Park. At the latter there will be competitions for pace and action. These competitions are always popular, and bring together some of the choicest trotting-horses in England.



BARNEY F. AND FIDES STANTON.



LAKE ERIE DOES THE MILE IN 2 MIN. 9½ SEC.



BARNEY F., THE MOST HANDSOME TROTTER IN EUROPE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE STORY OF ROUEN.*

It is true, as Frédéric Mistral has told us, that "love of the village steeple is the foundation of patriotism," topographical writing ought to be one of the most fascinating of the literary arts. As a rule, this department of letters is by no means conducted upon lines of fascination, although there has, to be sure, been a great and notable improvement of late years in our topographical literature. How far we have advanced in the direction of making the story of town life not merely interesting, but seductive, is demonstrated very brilliantly indeed in Mr. Cook's book, which is the second number in that series of "Mediæval Towns" which was commenced by Mr. Dent with the charming volume on Perugia by Miss Lina Duff-Gordon and Miss Margaret Symonds. Mr. Cook is a disciple of that Ecole des Chartes which has done so much to teach us how to systematise the materials of history and to save our historians, as well of the lesser as of the greater varieties, from being swamped by documents and records. Much of the value of Mr. Cook's "Rouen" depends upon his dexterous use of materials, most of which are quite unknown to the English reader; but although the volume provides, incidentally, abundant refreshment for the serious student of history, it is to the tourist and to the arm-chair traveller that it makes its primary and most attractive appeal. For the fireside tourist, indeed, especially for him who has once felt the fascination of France, her history, her people, her ancient towns, the dramatic fever of her atmosphere, I know of no more pleasant book, with the possible exception of Mr. Cook's own volumes on "Old Touraine."

I find no difficulty whatever in placing my finger upon the essential charm of the volume. It lies in its human interest. The chronicles of Rouen, as here unfolded, are crowded with brilliant historical figures—crowded, too, with many smaller personages whose loves and lives, crimes and passions, form a story as precise as a newspaper report and as romantic as a novel. For Rouen is not merely the scene of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, not merely the capital of Normandy, the city which was besieged by Henry V.—that great King who lamented with his dying breath that he was not spared to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem—amid circumstances of horror which recall the later leaguer of Leyden. It is a treasury of architecture, a storehouse of social history, a city of churches, which, like the King's daughter in the Psalms, are "all glorious within" and without. Moreover, it was unique in the possession of a Privilege, exercised for centuries, which overrode the sovereign prerogative, guarded always and everywhere so jealously, of life and death. The patron saint of Rouen is St. Romain, whose relics, enclosed in a new and precious shrine, were transported to the Cathedral in 1079 in the presence of William the Conqueror and his wife. There gradually grew up a custom—by right almost, it would seem, of the possession of these relics—by which, once a year, the Canons of St. Romain claimed to pardon and release any prisoner they chose, with his accomplices. Amid all manner of picturesque ceremonies, the criminal, who was thus saved from the gallows, the wheel, or the stake, was "given the Fierce," and carried the shrine of the patron saint in procession through the streets. The right, which was upheld successfully against many early attempts to set it aside, was exercised in behalf of so many thorough-paced scoundrels who, somehow or other, found favour with the Canons that, as Mr. Cook points out, it is "humiliating to Rouen" that no attempt was made to use it for the salvation of Joan of Arc. At all events, if any such effort was made, it was not recorded in the annals of the Privilege.

Touched, as the story of Rouen is, with romance at every turn, it contains nothing so full of mediæval picturesqueness as this custom, which survived until the Revolution. But, while we remember and glorify the splendours and braveries of the middle ages, while we lament their vanished pageantry and laud their passionate devotion to

ideals, we find it hard to realise the other side of the picture—the squalor and misery, the filth and pestilence, amid which the people lived. And not the people only. The Black Death found its way through the casements of the great seigneur and the rich citizen as easily as through the wooden walls of the artificer's hovel; and in 1348 Rouen is said to have lost one hundred thousand of her citizens by this pestilence. The number seems fabulous for so early a date even in so great and populous a city; but Mr. Cook's slips are very infrequent, and I take it that he has made sure of his figures. In these modern days Rouen has spread far beyond her ancient walls. Swept and garnished, she is no longer a charnel-house full of pestilence; but she has lost much in the process. The fine Cathedral she has, and the exquisite Church of St. Maclou; and in the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde she still possesses a lovely example of the transition from Gothic to Renaissance. The building, which is now used as a bank, is of peculiar interest to us, since its carvings preserve the only contemporary record of the Field of the Cloth of Gold which exists out of England. Mr. Cook pleads hard for the conservation of these remarkable carvings, which are now in some danger of defacement.

Space fails, and I have given but a scant idea of the charm and variety of "The Story of Rouen." The book was worth writing, if only for the wonderful record of the criminal trials of the city from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, which is told with singular vividness—a record which forms a really extraordinary series of "human documents." A word must be said for the many admirable illustrations by Miss Helen James and the author's mother. Their only fault is that they have been reproduced on too small a scale. The maps in which old Rouen has been re-constituted will be of real assistance to the visitor, while musicians cannot fail to be interested in the madrigal composed for the "Joyous Entry" of Henri Deux and Catherine de Medicis in 1550, and never republished since. Whoso goes to Rouen henceforward without Mr. Cook's book will go with his eyes shut.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

SIR WEMYSS REID ON MR. GLADSTONE.*

Sir Wemyss Reid is a master-hand where biography is concerned, and this Life of Gladstone is entirely one of the most adequate books that one can imagine upon the subject. It was Mr. John Morley, I think, who said that the best biography would be done by a syndicate; and upon some such principle Sir Wemyss Reid seems to have acted when ordering this colossal production. Many

writers contribute to its entertaining pages. The editor's own appreciation is charged with anecdotes which will afford the diner-out stock-in-trade for a twelvemonth. There are no more interesting chapters than those upon Mr. Gladstone's home-life, with its picturesque account of Hawarden and of that "Temple of Peace" which we have seen in pictures for many a year past. The political side of the book is, perhaps, a little heavy for the man in the street; but that was almost unavoidable, seeing how small a dose the man in the street can take of politics at any one time. Even such a person, however, will find the best spirit of modern biography, and even the journalistic spirit, in these pages. The little things of anecdote which give a book that difficult quality of being readable are never forgotten by an editor accustomed always to cater for big publics. To the student this Life of Gladstone will be indispensable. It will be indispensable also to the journalist and to every library where there is a shelf for biography. Altogether, it is a triumph of story and of fact, and it adds an old-fashioned display of orderly, stately work which contributes not a little to its charm. As in many of Messrs. Cassell's serial productions, the illustrations form a considerable feature of the book. They are well done, and well printed, and comprise in themselves almost a pictorial account of a stupendous life. Sir Wemyss Reid must be heartily congratulated upon another great achievement.

M. P.



MR. THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

* "The Story of Rouen." By Theodore Andrea Cook. London: J. M. Dent and Co.

* "The Life of William Ewart Gladstone." Edited by Sir Wemyss Reid. London: Cassell and Co.

THE REVIVAL OF COACHING AS A FASHIONABLE FAD.



MR. CHARLESWORTH'S COACH AND TEAM OF CHESTNUTS.

Though the "good old days of the road" have gone, never to return, in spite of the attempts which are still being made in several parts of England, notably in Northumberland and the North Riding of Yorkshire, to revive them, yet, to the small throng of driving-men of the old school, and perhaps to some of the members of the new school, who assembled at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park the other day, it was apparent that coaching, far from being a form of amusement which might possibly be made to pay its way—which the coaching-men of the last century expected to pay its way—has now developed into a pastime which none but the wealthy need attempt to indulge in, at any rate in London, and especially during the Season.

Few men, indeed, have any idea of what it costs to run a public coach even for four or five weeks. The long-distance journeys, it must be remembered, require from six to eight teams, and each team must be kept in the very pink of condition from the first day of the Season to the last, so that the expenses generally amount, on the average, to between £3000 and £5000 a coach. And even in fine weather, when many of the coaches are crowded daily, the actual cost of keeping coaches on the road is enormous, for, in these days, even the small section of the public which would rather coach from, let us say, London to Oxford, than go by rail, is apt to contrast the cost of a seat on the



LORD AND LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.



THE COACH MEET IN THE PARK.

coach with that of a railway-ticket, and then, if they find that the difference is considerable, to end by deciding in favour of the railway. Of course, there are coaches running out of London daily which have their expenses guaranteed by young men of fortune, young men fond of driving, and therefore not averse to defraying a share of the cost of keeping up a public coach in return for the privilege of driving it on stated days. There is one coach at least in London at the present time which has almost the whole of its expenses defrayed by a sort of friendly syndicate of well-to-do young men, who certainly derive a very large amount of amusement out of their investment.

Comparatively few persons, however—even men who own horses—seem to be aware that coach-horses need to undergo a thorough training—as thorough a training, indeed, as that to which racehorses are subjected—before they become fit for the wear-and-tear of road work. For this reason, most likely, many of the coaches run in the provinces by amateurs prove a failure almost from the outset, and then the men who put them on the road wonder why in the world all their horses fell dead-lame so soon, why they became lame at all. This happened twice last year in the North of England, and once in the West; and yet, to

this day, the young fellows who laid out their money, or their fathers' money, in order to run coaches, cannot think why their ventures proved so disastrous. I could give particulars of a similar case which occurred in Ireland in 1894; also of an American millionaire whose coach and horses excited the cupidity of every member of the National Liberal Club who happened to prowl up Northumberland Avenue on a certain perfect spring morning a year or two ago. The millionaire started out triumphant and rejoicing, with as cheery a load of passengers as ever sat behind the very best of horseflesh, fully intending to make a journey across the breadth of England, as old Sir Henry Peyton of happy memory did so many years ago with his historic team of greys. But the team of the millionaire very soon collapsed, and the millionaire "wondered why." The brothers Fownes and kindred sporting spirits were seated in the smoke-laden bar-parlour of the Grand Hotel when the sad news of the great man's discomfiture was conveyed to them, and when they heard it they smiled. They had expected it all along, they said. The team lacked condition. Yes, without a doubt the old coaching is dead; but, assuredly, the new coaching is in a more flourishing state than it has been for many years, and in that condition it seems likely to remain.

B. T.

HOW DICK TURPIN WAS A TERROR IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS.

So much myth has gathered around the history of Dick Turpin that it would not be a difficult task to almost prove his non-existence. And then what would the schoolboy do? In the gallery of his heroes there is none greater than that famous gentleman of the road.

Whether Dick Turpin was such a hero as the schoolboy imagines him to have been is another, and wholly irrelevant, consideration. There can be no question, however, that he was a choice scoundrel. In the proclamation issued for his arrest in 1737, he is described as a native of Thaxted, in Essex, but that assertion is wrong. He was an Essex man, it is true, but it was at Hempstead, and not Thaxted, he first saw the light. Some years ago, the Crown Inn, at Hempstead, which is pictured in one of the accompanying photographs, was adorned with a board recording the fact that Dick Turpin was born within its walls, and there are no adequate reasons forthcoming to disprove that assertion. The exact date of that event will probably never be known, but the parish register attests that Richard Turpin, the son of John and Mary Turpin, was baptised in the village church on Sept. 21, 1705. On the coffin in which he received a felon's burial at York in 1739 his age was given as twenty-eight, but the Hempstead record proves that he must have escaped the gallows for thirty-four years at least. And he might have escaped for many more years than that if he had resisted the temptation to shoot a game-cock. It happened in this manner: Turpin

was in hiding in Yorkshire, under the assumed name of John Palmer, and, by cleverly stealing horses and then selling them to gentlemen with whom he used to hunt, he managed both to provide himself with daily bread and maintain a considerable position in the world. His horse-thefts, the latest of which yielded a harvest of a mare and her foal, were not found out, but the charge brought home to him of shooting a game-cock led to a train of evidence which brought the appropriation of the mare and her foal to his door. Arrest and trial followed, and then there gathered such a cloud of witnesses around Turpin, including several Hempstead natives who had known him from birth, that it was no difficult matter to hang the noose round his throat.

Whoso would disentangle the real Dick Turpin from the mythical article must rely very largely upon the evidence given at his trial in York, reported by one who described himself as a "possessor of shorthand." The Hempstead witnesses were almost indecently loquacious, and appear to have bent their best energies towards securing the conviction of their fellow-villager. Whether they were jealous of the fair fame of their native hamlet, or were merely taking a belated revenge for some of Dick's boyish escapades, does not transpire. They told, however, how Dick's father was both an innkeeper and a butcher, how Dick



DICK TURPIN'S BIRTHPLACE.



TURPIN'S RING.

was a wild spirit from his earliest years, how his parents tried to sober him by marriage, and how, by the appearance of a rejected letter at the post-office, they had been able to identify the John Palmer in prison at York with the Richard Turpin too well known by them all.

That proclamation of 1737 already alluded to describes Dick Turpin as "about thirty, by trade a butcher, about five feet nine inches high, brown complexion, very much marked with the small-pox, his cheek-bones broad, his face thinner towards the bottom, his visage short, pretty upright, and broad about the shoulders." Of the actual bearing of the man in the face of reliable witnesses there is nothing more explicit than the record of his execution, which took place at York on April 7, 1739. "The notorious Richard Turpin and Jack Stead," says the historian, "were executed at York for horse-stealing. Turpin behaved in an undaunted manner; as he mounted the ladder, feeling his right leg tremble, he stamped it down, and, looking round about him with an unconcerned air, he spoke a few words to the Topsyman, then threw himself off and expired in five minutes." He had duly arranged that he should be lamented in some fashion, for he left £3 10s. to five men who were to follow his cart as mourners, in addition to hat-bands and gloves to them and several others. The body, enclosed in a "neat coffin," and bearing the inscription, "J. P. 1739. R. T. aged 28," was buried in St. George's churchyard. In a short time, however, it was "snatched," and the mob, hearing that it was to be dissected, made for the house to which it had been taken, and, placing it on some boards and covering it with straw, bore it to the grave again. They took the precaution, too, to fill the coffin with lime, and so render any subsequent "snatching" a useless enterprise.

Opposite the Crown Inn at Hempstead there is a clump of trees planted in a circle, and known as Turpin's Ring. How the highwayman's name came to be associated with this circle of trees is a mystery. It is also puzzling to account satisfactorily for their having been planted in this unusual shape. The local tradition has it that this was the village cock-pit, or even the scene of Hempstead bear-baiting in the good old times.

Another Turpin relic may be seen at Dawkin's Farm, a mile or so from the village. This is merely the decaying trunk of the famous Hempstead oak, in the boughs of which Dick is reputed to have hidden from his pursuers. It would not furnish much of a hiding-place now, but in Turpin's day it was a living forest-giant, with a girth of seventeen yards, and branches spreading over a circumference of one hundred and five yards.

H. C. S.



THE LAST OF DICK TURPIN'S OAK.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

WAS LEIGH HUNT REALLY A HAROLD SKIMPOLE?

It is almost invariably the case that when once a man has been "put into" a book, the mischief is done, and neither the eloquence nor the industry of his apologists will have any influence on the popular judgment. It has been said that Skimpole was drawn from Leigh Hunt, and, in



LEIGH HUNT.

From a sketch by Samuel Lawrence. First published in Mr. Brimley Johnson's Edition of the "Essays and Poems."

all probability, that genial essayist will be accredited, to the end of the chapter, with every vice and every affectation of his contemptible effigy. "And the moral of that is" that novelists should be careful what they are about, for their vivid sketches are inevitably preferred to the duller, more truthful, and more tiresome full-lengths of biographies and letters.

Skimpole is more amusing and far more easily comprehended than Leigh Hunt. Here, for instance, is a letter which may most simply, though most unjustly, be explained by accepting Skimpolism. To Mrs. Shelley, Leigh Hunt writes—

MY DEAR MARY,—Pray thank Shelley, or rather, do not, for that kind part of his offer relating to the expenses. I find I have omitted it, but the instinct that led me to do so is more honourable to him than thanks.

How few of us will take the trouble to understand this delicate appreciation of generous friendship! Probably the words have most frequently been read with a sneer and a Pharisaical shrug of the shoulders. A memory of Skimpole and Coavines, of Skimpole and poor Jo, of Skimpole and Rick Carstone, hovers across the brain, and Hunt's character is gone for ever. There is no denying that, if the author of "Bleak House" raised £1000 for his old friend, he took the value of it, and infinitely more, out of him.

Yet there are, if only one could secure to them any public attention, two entirely convincing reasons *against* accepting the evidence of fiction, in this or any other similar case. In the first place, as Ibsen hath it, "people don't do such things"; and in the second, as Dickens himself declared in public, and with obvious sincerity, *he* didn't do it on this particular occasion.

The discovering of sources, a bad habit caught from commentators on Shakspeare and other classics, is very uncomplimentary to the novelists, and very derogatory to art. It denies imagination, or even invention, to the former, and levels the latter with photography. May we not say, moreover, without attempting to dogmatise on writers' methods, that every living character in fiction, to some extent, "moves of itself"; in other words, that when a man has got hold of an idea, it inspires him, and leads him on, instead of being consciously drawn by him. The story of Pygmalion and Galatea fables an ultimate truth. And it is obvious that an inspired or possessed writer will not rigidly follow his "copy."

For the individual defence we have primarily Dickens's own public apology, which states that, while the airy presence and charming external graces of the "boy" Harold Skimpole were certainly suggested by Leigh Hunt, the character itself grew out of the plot, and had no connection with him whatever. Dickens wrote as he felt, honestly indignant and ashamed at the false calumny which his blunder had prompted; and it is worse than ungenerous to discredit his words, because, in the heat of the moment, he injudiciously attempted to clear himself completely at a little expense of truth. He said that he had felt no fear of such a misconception, because he thought that none but Hunt's friends would be reminded of him by Skimpole, and they, of course, would be aware that all resemblances were utterly superficial. We know now, however, that Dickens had been warned of the danger, and, from laziness or vanity, had neglected it. This is in no way inconsistent with subsequent feelings of bitter regret.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the slight borrowing from an individual admitted by Dickens is not of necessity inartistic; but there arises from it a great danger both to the artist and his model, because readers assume that one common trait proves complete identity, and persist in constructing the real character by study of the fictitious. Hence it has become impossible to convince the public that Leigh Hunt was superior to any one of Skimpole's abominable practices. Having caught a novelist copying, they will not believe that he is capable of anything else.

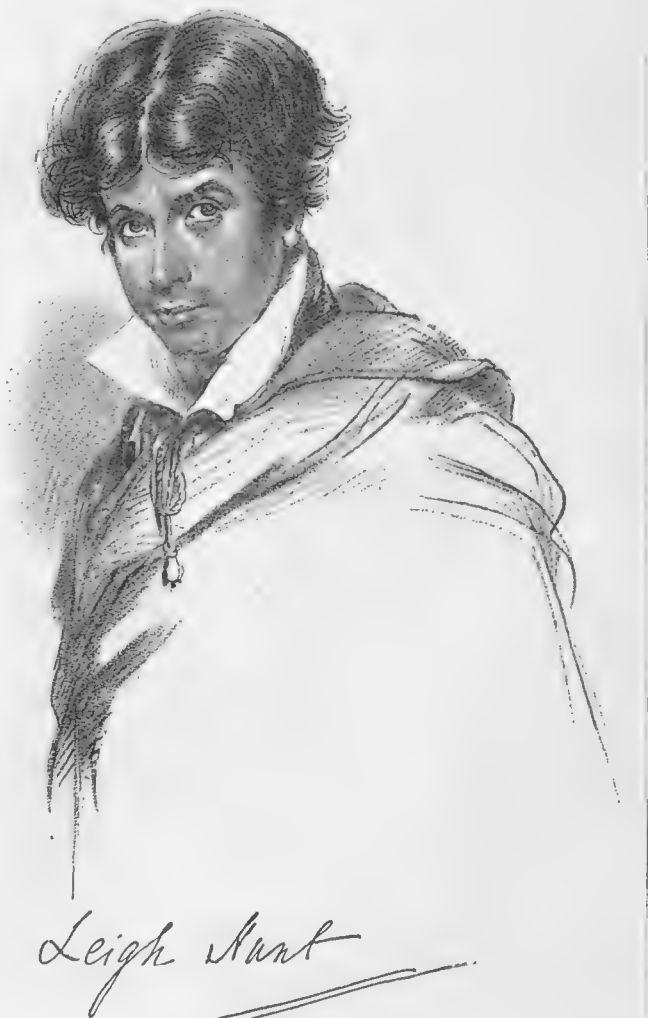
The fact that every serious writer on the subject has contradicted the statement, and explained the circumstances, does not seem to have very materially affected the general belief. Fiction is so much more effective than criticism. It is not likely, therefore, that new efforts can be more

successful. Yet it has been recently stated in the *Sunday Daily Mail* that a book is in preparation which will set this matter at rest for ever. Letters are to be published, apparently, providing conclusive evidence of Hunt's real attitude towards financial and moral responsibilities.

It may be—and it may not; but shall we gain much, after all, by thrusting *evidence* upon the unsympathetic? The only real destruction of the Skimpole myth must come from an appreciative study of Leigh Hunt's self-revealing work. Half-a-dozen essays and a few poems would be enough to convince an honest man of taste that the hardness and petty meanness of Skimpole are utterly foreign to the sensitive, beauty-loving, ardent, and quixotic author of "The Indicator." Every page we read further will strengthen and establish the same indisputable truth.

Then, and then only, can we face, with any chance of recognising their significance, certain paragraphs in the remarkable "attempt of the author to estimate his own character," which Hunt prepared for *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries* but did not publish—

I would not have missed the obligations I have had from my friends, no, hardly to have been exempt from all the cares of money; so little do I hold with the writer who spoke the other day of "the degrading obligations of private friendship." *I see beyond that.* But I do not the less hold with him that it is comely and sweet to be able to earn one's own sufficiency. I only think that it should not be made so hard a matter to do so as it very often is, by the systems of society, and the effects which they have in reserve for us even before we are born, and in our very temperaments as well as fortunes; and I think also that the world would have been the losers in a very large way—far beyond what the utilitarians suppose, and yet on their own ground—if certain men of a lively and improvident genius, humanists of the most persuasive order, had not sometimes left themselves under the necessity of being assisted in a smaller way. . . . Happy and proud as I am to have been obliged, I could have waived even that felicity to have saved myself from the remorse of not having secured something for my children. But this, I trust, I am now in the way of doing. They have wits of their own, thank God, if I should fail; and they, at least, have a happy childhood, and learn to have a passion for liberal truth.



Hunt was keenly sensitive to other people's goodwill, and he always meant what he said, as Skimpole never did. From Skimpole's lips such words, could he have ever felt enough to utter them, would have been sheer cant; from Leigh Hunt they come with serious, passionate sincerity.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.



MISS MAUD CROMBIE

Began her career in the Carl Rosa Company two years ago. Then she joined Mr. Arthur Rousbey's Opera Company, appearing as Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni," Venus in "Tannhäuser," Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," Stebel in "Faust," Donna Carmen in "The Rose of Castille," Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Anne Chute in "The Lily of Killarney," and so on. A short time ago she cast in her lot with the National Grand Opera Company, repeating several of her old parts and undertaking new ones like that of the Shepherd Boy in "Tannhäuser."

Miss Crombie has been pictured here by Messrs. G. and W. Morgan, of Aberdeen (her native town).

SOME WOMAN-HAMLETS.

France is ringing with praise of Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet, which will shortly be seen in this country. Of course, she is not the first Dame to assume the rôle of the Dane. There is a tradition that a far greater Sarah than the gifted Frenchwoman of to-day—Siddons, the Queen of Tragedy—played Hamlet at Bath prior to that second visit to London in which she sprang at a bound to undying fame. It may be that she did; strange things were done in those days, and who knows that Siddons may not have attempted the part to draw a house for her benefit? Her vanity, however, would hardly have encouraged the notion, for it was always said that she was not handsomely shaped from the hips downwards, and, though she played Rosalind, it was in what we should consider a somewhat ungainly costume for a youth. In more immediate times, Charlotte Cushman—an actress of very considerable reputation, a lady tall and commanding in person, with an expressive face whose features might have been called plain but for the strength and character they possessed, a self-educated woman, who had a long and fairly brilliant career—undoubtedly made a certain name both as Hamlet and Romeo. A gentleman who may certainly be regarded as one of our foremost authorities on dramatic art tells me that he saw no redeeming quality in her Romeo to justify what, in his opinion, was an outrage on Shakspeare, and that he could never bring himself to witness her Hamlet. Still, the fact remains that this character was *generally* regarded as a successful assumption. In the early 'sixties Miss Alice Marriott was the directress of Sadler's Wells. Miss Marriott won a position as a worthy exponent



MISS JANETTE STEER AS HAMLET.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

of the legitimate drama, and her first essay as Hamlet was, I think, in 1864, when she played the part at her benefit. Had she failed, she would probably have allowed the episode to be forgotten; but she succeeded, and the critics of the day regarded her performance as well-considered, well-studied, and extremely finished. Her declamation was pronounced correct and eloquent, as well as strong and spontaneous, and her gestures restrained, yet easy and elegant. Her facial expression also was highly praised. On the whole, her Hamlet was considered "a very singular result of talent, courage, and industry."

The lady Hamlet of to-day is Madame Bandmann-Palmer, whose first important Shaksperian rôle in London was Juliet, played, somewhat curiously, to the Romeo of a Polish lady, Vestvali. This was at the Lyceum in the late 'sixties. Madame Bandmann-Palmer has played Hamlet in the provinces more than two hundred and fifty times, and has won commendation in all the leading cities. It is interesting to learn that the part has, since her girlhood, exercised a strange fascination for her, and that to the study of it she has devoted much time and a keen intelligence. It is the philosophy of Hamlet that has been so attractive to the actress, and she has, I believe, made herself familiar with every Shaksperian commentator. Madame Bandmann-Palmer hopes ere long to secure a London theatre where she can show playgoers of to-day what an English actress can do with the part. We have yet one more female exponent of this exacting rôle—Miss

Janette Steer, who has been playing in Dublin and in some of the big English towns, and is said to have been not unsuccessful. Curiosity is always one of the great factors in attracting the public. W. C. F.



MADAME BANDMANN-PALMER AS HAMLET.
Photo by Guy, Cork.



MISS MARRIOTT AS HAMLET.
From a Photograph.

IN TRAINING FOR THE COLONIES.

From Photographs by Vick, Ipswich.

"Training for the colonies." The idea would have been scouted a few years ago, when Australia and South Africa were regarded as enchanted countries in which every young man with health and strength would surely prosper almost as soon as he set foot on the soil. Paterfamilias now knows better, as a rule, and, if he is wise, sends his son for a year or two to the Colonial College and Training Farm before booking a passage to Melbourne or the Cape.

This institution does not profess to turn out expert colonists; but it takes the "greenness" off the "new chum," and this process is much less expensive at Hollesley Bay than on the spot. In nine cases out of ten it is want of training for the life of Greater Britain which makes "the remittance man," that sad but still familiar figure of colonial society.

The Colonial College consists of an estate of eight hundred acres, in a remote corner of Suffolk, on which all kinds of farming can be practically exemplified, besides class-rooms and workshops in which can be learned the fact and theory of the many little arts which make up the equipment of a successful colonist—such as carpentry, dairying, saddlery, veterinary medicine, &c. It has colonial libraries and museums, as well as a chemical laboratory, and resident professors of agriculture, geology and mineralogy, forestry and land-surveying, botany, and building construction. It has even a resident doctor, who, scarcely ever having a "case" at this exceedingly healthy spot, mainly occupies his time in giving the students that elementary medical knowledge which may prove of such inestimable value on a ranch or "run," that is fifty miles from the nearest red lamp. Some time ago, a sturdy Africander visited the College, and, after spending the day going round, said everything was "A1," but he thought the "doctoring idea" best of all.

Of course, it is not pretended that the College gives a complete education in all the subjects I have mentioned. As a rule, the student has from the first a definite aim before him; if his preference has not asserted itself before coming to the College, he soon learns what he likes best. Thus, one young fellow will be qualifying for Manitoba, and may be giving special attention to wheat-production; another

intends to settle in Tasmania, and is most interested in fruit-farming; while a third is looking to New Zealand, and has the greatest concern in sheep-rearing. But, besides giving this special training, it is the distinctive function of the Colonial College to fit the young man in a dozen different ways for an open-air life on the prairie or in the "bush," away from many of the resources and refinements of civilisation.

The Colonial College has been in working order for about a dozen years, and has sent about five hundred students abroad during that time. Their names are recorded on the walls of the dining-room, surmounted by the flags of the countries where they have settled. Canada has received by far the largest number, New Zealand being a good second.

Each of the Australian colonies has its quota, as well as Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, and Ceylon. A few have found their way to the United States, and one or two have made their homes in the South American Republics. On the roll are representatives of Eton, Harrow,

Winchester, Westminster—in fact, all the great public schools.

By means of the College magazine, *Colonia*, the old students keep in touch with the institution, and are able to render it considerable service. They give information, both up-to-date and impartial, as to prospects and opportunities in various colonies, and are sometimes able to put "openings" in the way of outgoing students. In fact, through a network of intercommunication which the College has created for itself, a student often owes to it his "start" in a colony as well as his training. The Cape Government, for instance, has placed at the disposal of the College a certain number of nominations in the Cape Mounted Police, in which service a young fellow can obtain a good knowledge of South Africa and its possibilities, while at the same time earning his livelihood. The influential interest of Mr. Rhodes has also been enlisted in the College's favour, while in all the colonies its certificate—granted to a student after a two years' course—has acquired a definite value in the eyes of some of the best employers.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



THE COLONIAL COLLEGE.



A VIEW IN THE COLLEGE GARDENS.



HOW MISS KITTY LOFTUS LOOKS IN BLOOMERS.

She appeared in bloomers as the serving-maid at the Surf Hotel, Brightsea, in the defunct olla-podrida, "A Good Time," at the Opéra Comique. Her picture here is the work of Messrs. Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS THE MAID-SERVANT IN "A GOOD TIME."

There may be some doubt as to whether we did get a good time at the Opéra Comique (for the piece has died), but Miss Kitty Loftus helped to create the illusion. She has been pictured here by Messrs. Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W.

CALDERON ON THE ENGLISH STAGE

The Elizabethan Stage Society, having recently taken us back to Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" and Mr. Swinburne's "Lochner," have



[Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.]

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS THE IMPRISONED SON OF THE KING.

Segismund is brought from his dungeon by his father, who repents of the cruelty with which he has sought to defeat the possible violence of his son. But his conduct does not please the King or his courtiers, and he is taken back to his former prison.

produced Edward FitzGerald's adaptation of Calderon's famous play, "Life's a Dream," with the following cast—

Basilio	MR. ERNEST MEADS.
Segismund	MISS MARGARET HALSTAN.
Astolfo	MR. MARSTON CATHCART.
Estrella	MISS EVELYN WEEDEN.
Clotaldo	MR. ARTHUR BROUGHTON.
Rosaura	MISS EVANS WILLIAMS.
Pife	MR. LEONARD HOWARD.
Chamberlain	MR. SAMUEL ALLEN.
Captain	MR. VINCENT NELLO.
Lord	MR. HENRY PARR.

Soldiers: Messrs. Adrian Harley, Alfred Stalman, G. S. Bermish, S. T. Loanes, F. S. Fowles, John Wyatt.

Pages: Mr. Lorenz Tucker, Miss Aimée Grace.

At the Virginal: Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.

The performance was one of the most successful the Elizabethan Stage Society has yet given. Mr. William Poel, the Director of the Society, ever ready to give young and promising actresses a chance of distinguishing themselves, had entrusted the part of Segismund to Miss Margaret Halstan, who was playing but a short time ago at the Criterion Theatre, under Alfred Maltby and Roper Spyer's management.

Segismund is a part which has not a little in common with Hamlet. It is a part which gives great scope to the actor, and, indeed, the whole play, if remodelled, is one which might well be placed upon the boards at a West-End theatre with the prospect of a good run. There have been many lady Hamlets, and some actresses have been remarkably successful as the melancholy Dane. Still, Hamlet is essentially a man's part, and the same must be said of Segismund.

Miss Halstan began her stage career with Mr. Tree at the Haymarket in 1895, when she understudied Trilby. During the autumn tour of Mr. Du Maurier's play in 1896, she played, with great success Miss Dorothea Baird's part in Glasgow during the illness of the latter. In December of this year she appeared at the Adelphi in "All that Glitters is not Gold." During the Shaksperian season at the Olympic Theatre in the summer of 1897, Miss Halstan played Octavia in "Antony and

Cleopatra." November 1897 found her again with Mr. Tree; this time she played one or two small parts and understudied Mrs. Tree and Miss Lily Hanbury in "The Silver Key" and "A Man's Shadow." In June, 1898 Miss Halstan played the leading part, Katia, in Stepniak's play, "The Convert," at a matinée at the Avenue Theatre, and in September of this year she was engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham to play Mrs. Crespis in "The Liars," at the Criterion Theatre, in place of Miss Janette Steer.

The performance for the first time on an English stage of a play by the most celebrated Spanish dramatist is a noteworthy occasion, and Mr. William Poel is to be thanked for allowing lovers of literature and of the drama an opportunity of witnessing a play which must for ever remain a classic. The plot of "Life's a Dream" may be thus summarised. A King has been told by the soothsayers that his newly born son will prove a tyrant at whose feet he will one day lie prostrate. To avoid this unpleasant event, the father gives out that the son is dead; in reality, he has him brought up in a remote tower of the castle under the care of a warder, who has orders to keep him in irons. The young man grows up under these conditions; and, after a while, the King, having some misgivings as to the way he is treating his child, determines to give him a trial. If he behaves well, he shall be acknowledged as the heir; if ill, then back he must go to the dungeon. The experiment is tried, with the result that the unfortunate Prince is hurried off again into *durance vile*. His keeper tells him that what he witnessed was but a dream, and that he has never really left his prison. However, the people rise in rebellion at the idea of the lawful heir being treated in this undignified fashion. They liberate the Prince, who, at their head, defeats his father in battle, thus fulfilling the prophecy by bringing him to his feet for mercy.

There are several translations of "La Vida es Sueño" ("Life's a Dream"). Those of Oxenford, Denis McCarthy, and Trench may be mentioned. That by Edward FitzGerald, however, is rather a transmutation than an adaptation, for, though the main plot is preserved, the dialogue has been entirely recast. FitzGerald called his play "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of," and, in choosing a title differing from the original, he seemed to show that he alone was responsible for the form of the



[Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.]

THE PRINCE (MISS HALSTAN), FREED FROM PRISON, DEFEATS HIS FATHER IN BATTLE.

But the army and the people rise in insurrection at the cruelty of the King. They care nothing for the prophecy of the stars, and, with Segismund at their head, they conquer the King, who has to throw himself at his son's feet for mercy. Thus the menace of the stars is accomplished.

play. It is plain that FitzGerald never meant his version to be put upon the stage, but we are, nevertheless, grateful to the Elizabethan Stage Society for bringing to our notice both Calderon's play and FitzGerald's adaptation.

H. C. F.

SOME NOTABLE SINGERS AT THE OPERA.



MADAME LITVINNE.
Photo by Echler, Nice.

and since that time has constantly toured with them in Europe and America, though, strange to say, this is her first London season. It is now more than two years since she created Isolde in New York with great success, and last year, at the Court of St. Petersburg, the Emperor personally gave her a command to return annually and let him hear her again and again, especially in the part of Isolde. Then she went to Paris, and at the Lamoureux Concerts she scored a triumph as Isolde, a part she has also sung in Nice and many Italian cities.

Herr Muhlmann is a Russian, and was originally intended for the priesthood, though he gave up that calling in order to become a singer. He studied first in Vienna under Professor Schen, and then in Breslau with Frau Habelmade. His début was made in Rotterdam, and from there he went to Breslau, where he remained for six years, but in the early part of 1898 he sang, among other parts, Kurwenal to the Tristan of M. Jean de Reszke, with such success that he was at once secured by Mr. Grau.

Miss Susan Strong was trained by the Hungarian composer and master, Mr. Francis Korbay, having studied with him in New York and also since she came to London. It was after she arrived here that she was persuaded by Dr. Richter to accept Madame Wagner's invitation to sing Sieglinde at the Bayreuth Festival. Miss Strong is a native of Brooklyn. To adopt music as her profession had been the wish of her life. She is thoroughly American in thought and sympathy, though she has

The Wagnerians have had a great week at the Opera, beginning with "Die Walküre," which was given on Wednesday night, with performances of "Tannhäuser" and "Die Meistersinger" over and above. The second series of special performances begins on Friday. Meantime, let me touch on the biographies of some of the more notable singers of the season. I have already dealt with M. Saleza and Mlle. Strakosch.

Madame Felia Litvinne is a Russian soprano. She made a modest début at the Théâtre Italien in 1884 with Victor Maurel, being then hardly more than a schoolgirl; but such was her success, both vocally and dramatically, that ere five years had fled she was singing leading rôles with Jean and Edouard de Reszke,

three years, singing all the leading light-soprano solos. At the end of that engagement she was secured for the Opera in Nice, and then by Mr. Grau, and at once studied a large répertoire with Madame Calvo de Picciotto.

Herr Andreas Dippel was born in Berlin, and first studied there under Professor Hey, after which he went to Vienna to work under Professor Reu, and then to Milan to Professor Leoni. His first professional appearance was made in Bremen, where he sang until 1892, with seasons in New York, and one for the Bayreuth Festival in 1889. In 1893 he was secured for the Opera in Vienna, and in 1897 he made his first appearance here as Lohengrin, and last season and this has been engaged for the whole season.

Miss Louise Homer is a native of Pittsburg, but, since her marriage, has lived almost entirely in Boston, where her husband is well known as a clever musician and composer. Three years ago, they decided to live in Paris, in order that she might pursue her vocal studies under the best teachers, and there she has been a pupil of M. Koenig, of the Grand Opera House, also having worked under M. Juliani, and for dramatic action with M. Paul Lheric. Her début was made at Vichy, and she also appeared with great success at Aix-les-Bains, after which she was engaged for all the chief contralto parts at the recent season at Angers, and there created quite a furore. She is engaged for next winter as principal singer at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels. Her favourite rôles are the Queen in "Hamlet," Leonora in "La Favorita," Amneris, as well as Dalila Ortrud in "Herodiade."

Herr Hermann Schramm, who made an excellent Steurmann in "Der Fliegende Holländer" and a capital David in "Die Meistersinger," is a native of Berlin, and even as a schoolboy had a wonderful voice, but, coming of a commercial family, he was placed in business, and it was not until quite recently that he took up the study of singing seriously and decided to desert the desk for the stage, even though the whole of the time he was a merchant he had been working under Kapellmeister Steinma, in Berlin. His favourite rôles are those I have named, Mimè in "Siegfried," and Jacquino in "Fidelio" (one we are likely to hear). After spending two months here, he will

return to the Continent, as he

In view of the coming Wagner week, I may direct the attention of my readers to Mr. Ernest Newman's "Study of Wagner," which Mr. Bertram Dobell has just published. The book occupies the middle position between the ordinary work for the tyro and the more abstruse books which none but the most profound cranks can appreciate. It is divided into eleven chapters, beginning with a psychological discussion. Then we have a chapter on "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman," another on "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," another on "The Ring," and a fourth on "Tristan" and "The Meistersinger." Mr. Newman discusses Wagner's theory of music, poetry, and music-drama in a separate chapter. He prefaces his book by a valuable synthetic table tracing Wagner's life and work from first to last.



M. SALEZA AS RAOUL IN "LES HUGUENOTS."



MLLE. STRAKOSCH.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



HERR MUHLMANN.
Photo by Dupont, New York.



MISS LOUISE HOMER.
Photo by Claudius-Corion, Vichy.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Never since Mr. Andrew Lang's familiar jest on the Scilly Islanders, who "eke out a precarious living by taking in one another's washing," has there been an exchange of services such as that which is planned between those two decrepit and moribund institutions, the Imperial Institute and the London University. Neither has attained any particular eminence. The London University, indeed, has held examinations and provided a good many meritorious ladies and gentlemen with degrees. The Imperial Institute has brought over foreign bands, and reared a set of buildings of no startling beauty. What else it has done is obscure, but I am told it once cherished the hope of teaching the chemistry of dyeing, and is now dying without chemistry.

It was a bright and beautiful plan to rear a central organisation to serve as a focus to the Empire, and draw the colonies together. But one serious defect manifested itself at the outset. The promoters of the enterprise never seemed to have any distinct idea of what they were going to do. The foolishness of the person who began a tower and was not able to finish it is properly ridiculed in Scripture, and also at Wembley Park; but more foolish still, though less obviously so, is he who, having reared a tower, has not the slightest idea what he is to do with it. The Fellows of the Imperial Institute have done their best. They have had various foreign orchestras over, and discoursed light music to add a relish to tea and strawberries; but even this has palled, and resulted in a pecuniary loss. There were—there may be still—one or two show-cases with samples of colonial products. For the rest, there are the buildings.

The London University, again, has not altogether satisfied the aims of its founders. It is a mere Examining Board, giving degrees without residence, testing what it has not taught. This is a useful function, though not a lofty one; but a University is supposed to teach. For years has agitation been carried on directed towards providing a Teaching University for London; and whether this can be attained or not, it is past dispute that an Examining Board is not enough. Therefore, the present London University so-called may be regarded as moribund.

The plan apparently is to shift the London University over to the Imperial Institute buildings, and provide accommodation there for a new teaching organisation, and to take a City office as a sort of funeral monument to the Imperial Institute. For it is impossible to see what can be done at such a City office, except the maintenance of a suitable staff of leisured officials. Nor are the prospects of the new University very bright. To provide the present Examining Board with accommodation for candidates at Kensington will only inflict some slight inconvenience on the candidates who live in eastern suburbs; but to house a new teaching department there is another matter.

It is the opinion of many, if not of most, that we have quite enough teaching organisations in London now; all we want is a scheme of co-operation. Either there must be a central presiding authority, chosen by the constituent Colleges, or a new body including and amalgamating all these. A staff of Professors and Lecturers linked on to the present Examining Board which is called a University will not answer any good purpose. It will have no connection, no constituency, no traditions. It will either be closely united with the testing body, and give ground for suspicion of jobbery, or it will be separated from it, and have no support. A University on the English model is a federation, and a federation can exist only among bodies that have a separate existence and personality. A teaching organisation hooked on to the present London University and housed in the Imperial Institute will have no weight if it is meant as a College, and no power if it is meant as a University.

The best plan would be to drop the Imperial Institute out of existence altogether, and acknowledge that its supporters have spent their money in vain. Its history might stand as a warning to all that it is not enough to mean well—one must mean something definite. Neither the Imperial Institute nor the present London University is really alive. Why not form a proper Teaching University for London—with a central Examining Board, of course—and give it an abode in some more accessible quarter than Kensington? Then, if a new Teaching College is wanted, let it be housed in the Imperial Institute buildings and called Prince's College and suitably endowed, with colonial scholarships to mark it off as especially Imperial.

There is always a temptation to cover a blunder by a blunder in the official world. At present the founders of the Imperial Institute have evidently realised that their scheme is a failure. To cover their retreat, something creditable must be done with the buildings, and the London University suggests itself. Furthermore, there must be some decent fiction that the Institute is still alive, and a City office will secure this. Then, when the London University so-called is absorbed or extinguished, some other shuffling of buildings and endowments may take place, and there will always be something to show for the money. But is all this worth doing? A wise man may make a costly blunder; it is the fool who declines to admit his mistake. Let the dead Institute bury its dead; let the new Teaching University of London find its own quarters. But to prop up one moribund concern by making a deal between it and another in the same plight is the method of Jabez, and it shall not prosper.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

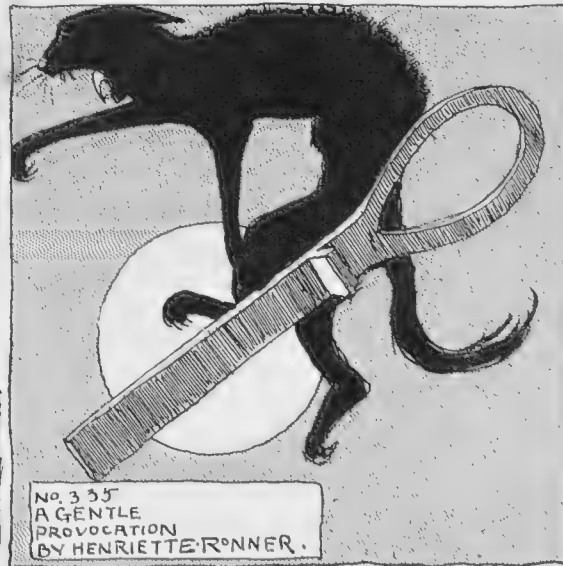
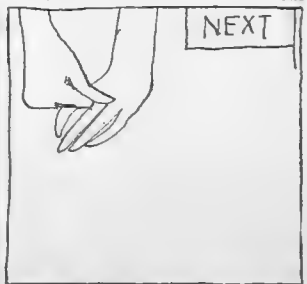
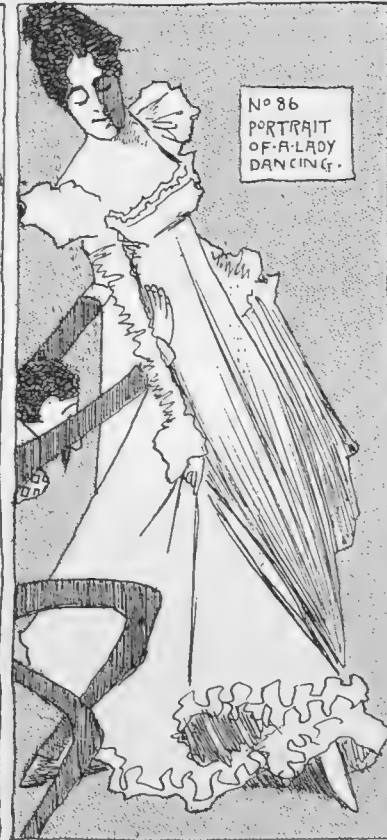
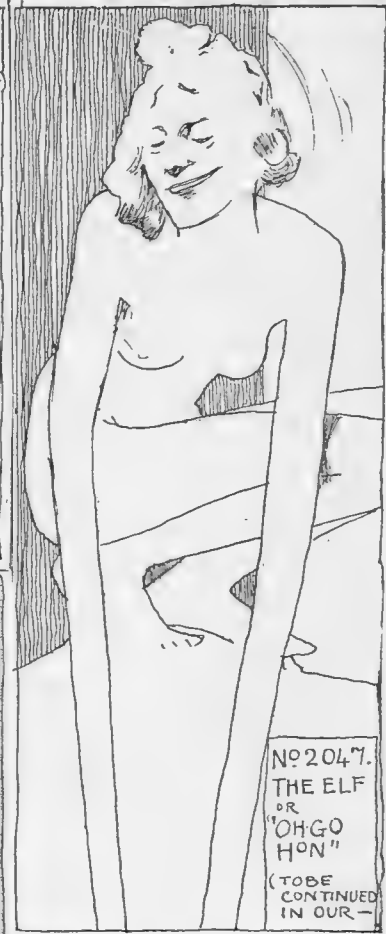
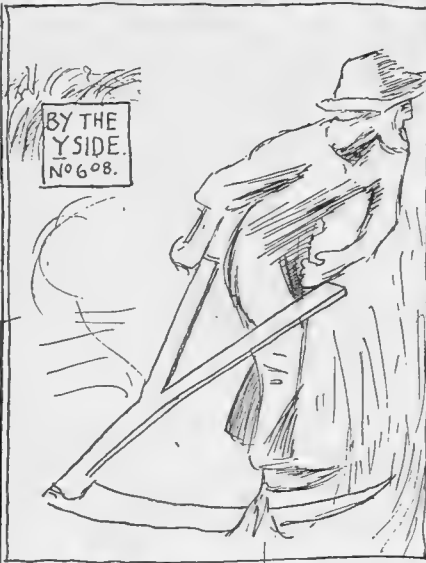
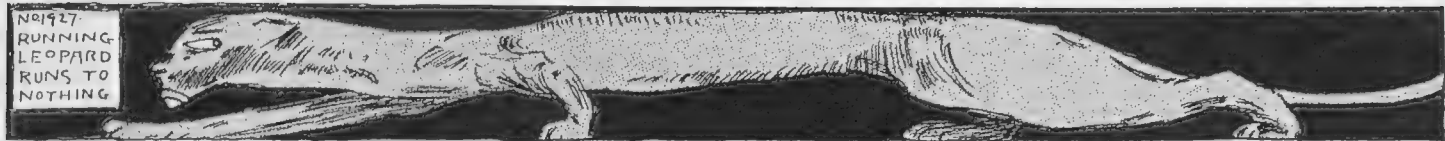
In "The Awkward Age" (Heinemann) Mr. Henry James has attempted the impossible. The book will exasperate a great many, will, in parts, fascinate a few, and will certainly wear everyone out who tries to read it perseveringly to the end. One feels that the making of it was alternately a huge amusement and something of a painful effort to its writer, but that the spells of amusement were the longer. Only the appetite of even those who like the kind of thing can hardly be equal to the profuseness with which Mr. James ministers to the demand. The title points to the difficulties which parents and guardians experience with the training of young women not yet but very soon to be launched into Society. Two specimens of young womanhood are presented, the products of two contrary methods of training. But the book is really a record of the natural history, the daily habits and conversation, of a coterie, a set of persons very much "in the know," who have intimate intercourse with each other, who are almost inarticulate because they understand each other so well, who talk in eloquent ellipses, and whose opinions and conduct and moral atmosphere are hazy and somewhat loose. Good-nature and culture are, however, consistent and restraining ingredients. The flavour and the accent of the set are perfectly described and reflected. With regard to the personalities, it is another matter. Never having met such clever and subtle folks, it is difficult for me to realise them. Their cleverness, their subtlety, their looseness, are best shown in the surprised study of them by an outsider, an elderly gentleman from the country, of old-fashioned speech and opinions, and of a refinement beside which their complicated cleverness looks rather vulgar. Longdon is the conscience of the book, a conscience admired and pretty consistently neglected, save by the young woman who has drunk in worldly wisdom and sophistication with her mother's milk, and who is not very proud of either.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota") dresses up her old heroine afresh in "Anne Mauleverer" (Methuen). She cannot get away from the one type of woman she discovered first in "A Yellow Aster." All she can do is to endow her with fresh gifts, till in this last novel the creature appears as some uncomfortable goddess or monster using incongruously modern speech. There is enough cleverness in the book to furnish half-a-dozen ordinary stories. There is abundant observation of the minor details of character, but of facing fearlessly the broad possibilities and limitations of human nature there is nothing at all. Yet the incidents are not badly managed. The scene is excellent where the heroine is decorated by Italian royalty, and in recognition of her services to the royal stud—for, in addition to being a sublime artist, Anne is also most learned in horses. She wears her decoration bravely, and flourishes family diamonds, not her own; to be in keeping with the occasion; but all the while she is wishing royalty would pay its just debts, and fill a very needy, hungry purse. All the comments on the heroine are intolerably mawkish. This magnificent specimen of her sex is an obsession and an infatuation with "Iota." She has every grace and charm and virtue and talent. She is old-fashioned, and she is modern, and would be in every age intolerable, were she not luckily impossible. Surely Mrs. Caffyn is too clever not to see that to let an Olympian rule the scene spoils our interest in the human drama.

There is an excellent picture of Californian life and of human nature in general in an American novel, "The Procession of Life," by Mr. Horace A. Vachell, an English edition of which has been published by Messrs. Sands. The life of the Western farmer has never been more graphically described, and it is no vision of Arcadian bliss that is presented. Mr. Vachell refuses to make his story a tragedy. Perhaps at one point he meant to, but he relented before the hard toil, the disappointment, the hopeless anxiety, had sapped all the vitality and the refinement out of two young people, once aspiring as well as ambitious. Still, the possibility of tragedy never departs. The protection he gives to his young people is merely the happy accident of a large heritage. Otherwise, the young fellow who did everything to win success, who loved his country and was proud to toil for it, might easily have gone under. The "procession of life" is pictured as a mere crawling along a straight, dusty road whose end cannot be seen. But in the midst of the terribly hopeless picture of farming-life in the old gambling days, there are gleams of sunshine, sudden turns of fortune, blessed inconsistencies. "California's charm is her youth. No one can say with certainty what she is going to do next. She is a genius." Genius tries and tests its partners and neighbours. The testing is exhibited in excellent character-drawing in "The Procession of Life," one of the ablest and best-written novels that have come from America in recent years.

Miss Rose Kingsley's "History of French Art" (Longmans) cannot be too highly praised. It is at once thorough and comprehensive—a most necessary handbook for all who would understand the growth of an Art that has been a most forcible influence on the North of Europe, and most convenient for those who would thread their way through modern collections or the writings of the art critics of to-day. It is a book of facts rather than theory; but criticism is not shirked. It discusses architecture as well as painting and sculpture, and its range extends from 1100 to the present year. There is no timidity in naming, classifying, and disserting on living artists, and I am sure the modern sections will be the most eagerly read. These are frankly appreciative of the new schools, but a cool judgment and a catholicity of taste and a sense of proportion rule throughout, so that Fragonard or David are not more fairly or intelligently dealt with than are Rodin or Sisley.—o. o.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



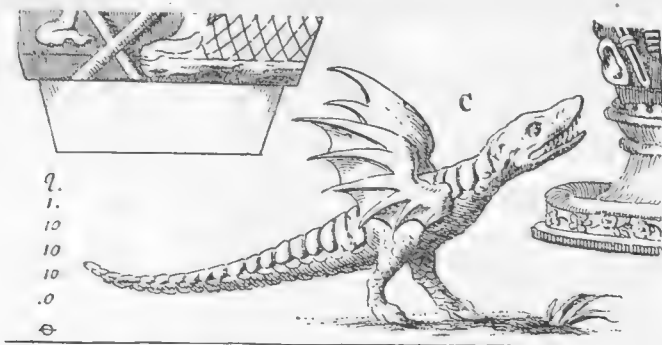
SOME
ROYAL
ACADEMY
PICTURES
ETC
1899.



FUNNY FISH.

In 1574, when Elizabeth was Queen, a monstrous fish, according to Kilburne and Hasted, was stranded on the sands at a spot somewhere near Broadstairs, which has since borne the name of Fishness. There the monster died next day for want of water, amidst hideous roars that could be heard over a mile around.

This extraordinary denizen of the ocean measured no less than 66 feet in length, 14 feet in thickness from back to belly, which lay uppermost,



A SEA-DRAGON.

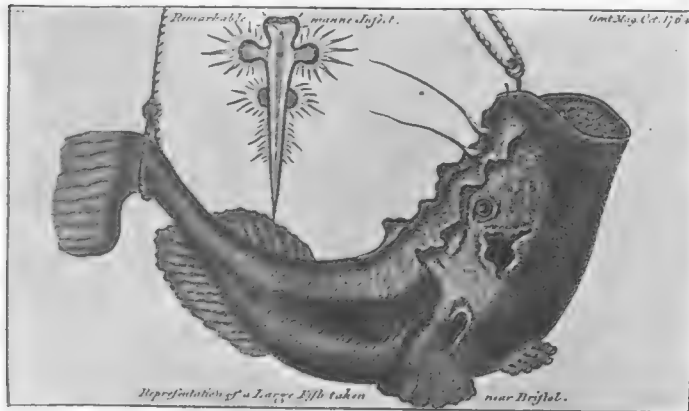
and the same distance across the tail, while a breadth of 12 feet separated the eyes. Some of the ribs were 14 feet long, the tongue was 15 feet, and, whereas one man managed to creep into a nostril, three were able to stand erect in the monster's mouth, which opened 12 feet wide. The liver, when removed, made two cartloads, and a six-horse team proved unequal to the effort of drawing one of the eyes along.

A century ago, a bone of this remarkable fish was still preserved at Little Nash, in St. John's parish, but it had become considerably reduced in size, through long exposure to the air.

Nearly two hundred years later, another wonderful aquatic animal was caught, and shown about the country by a fisherman it had injured. In this instance, the head and tail resembled those of an alligator, and there were two large fins which could be used both to swim and fly. These fins, when examined by the naturalist, were too dry to be extended; but they appeared, by the folds, to be shaped somewhat like the wings painters have given to dragons and other fabulous creatures supporting coats-of-arms. The body was covered with impenetrable scales, the legs had two joints, and the feet resembled donkey's hoofs. Each jaw had five rows of very sharp, white teeth.

This denizen of the main measured four feet from snout to the tip of the tail, in its dried state, but had been much longer when alive. It was caught in a net with mackerel, between Orford and Southwold, on the Suffolk coast, and, being dragged ashore, was knocked down with a boat-hook. On the net being opened, it suddenly sprang up, and flew over fifty yards. The man who first seized it had several of his fingers bitten off, and, the wounds mortifying, he died. It then fastened on the arm of the man who afterwards exhibited it, and lacerated the limb so badly that the muscles shrank and the hand and fingers became distorted. The wound would not heal, and was thought incurable. By some naturalists this ferocious creature was called a "sea-dragon."

In 1759, some fishermen engaged in trawling for tunny, not far from Cette, in the South of France, perceived their nets uncommonly heavy,



A LARGE FISH TAKEN NEAR BRISTOL (1764).

and, bringing them aboard, found a very strange fish with five large membranes in the shape of a cowl between head and shoulders; hence they named it a "monk." Beneath these membranes were apertures through which water was drawn in and ejected with great velocity. The rough, rasping skin resembled that of a sea-dog or seal. This marine wonder measured 22 feet in length, and 16 feet round the thickest part of the body. The head alone was 4 feet long, with a

snout projecting more than a foot from the mouth, which had the form of a large crescent.

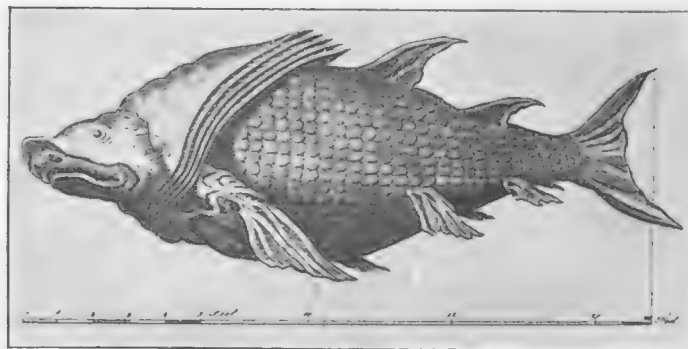
The jaws were set with a goodly number of small, sharp teeth, similar to those of a wood-rasp. The eyes were little more than an inch in diameter. The breadth of the open fins exceeded five feet. Beneath them were concealed the ears, surrounded by a flexible beard forming a kind of grating. The body was provided with three swimming-fins on each side, supplemented by two others on the back for ornament or defence. The weight of this strange capture was estimated to be at least fifty hundredweight, judging from the dip of the boat in the water after it was hauled aboard. About a dozen lampreys found sticking to its belly were removed with difficulty, and it is possible that the fish, being overgrown and disordered, was unable to defend itself against their attacks, as against those of the fishermen who dragged it into their craft.

About the same time another extraordinary fish was caught near Bristol. It measured 4 ft. 9 in. long. The mouth, which opened a foot square, presented three rows of small, sharp teeth, set very irregularly at some distance apart. This fish, which had neither tongue nor narrow gullet, looked like a great hollow tube. At the back of the mouth were two openings resembling nostrils, and under these openings, about nine inches below the jaw, could be seen two large knobs, from which several short teeth protruded. A little further down was another knob armed with similar teeth.

Right and left inside the body, a foot from the jaws, were three cross-ribs, something like the straight bars of a chimney-grate, placed an inch apart. Through these bones one could see into a great cavity, extending under the skin towards the breast, and distended by longitudinal ribs plain to the touch on the outside.

Why the fish was not dissected does not appear, but we are told that a man thrust his hand and arm into the mouth up to his shoulder, encountering nothing on the way, so the historical naturalist concludes that heart, stomach, and bowels must have lain in a very small compass near the tail, where the body was exceedingly small.

Two long horns, hard and elastic, and without the ring joints of those of the lobster, proceeded from the neck. On each side of the back were two



A REMARKABLE SEA-MONSTER OVER TWENTY-TWO FEET LONG.

sharp-edged protuberances, and between each eye and the breast appeared a cavity, somewhat like the inside of a human ear, but which did not penetrate to the interior.

At each shoulder was a strong, muscular fin, and hard by, towards the breast, an aperture through which one could thrust hand and arm up into the mouth. Between these fins, two short paws, proceeding from the breast, had somewhat the appearance of the fore-half of human feet, the five toes on each of them, joined together, looking like nails. Near the tail were two large fins, one on the back, the other under the belly. The skin was a dark-brown colour, spotted darker in places, and entirely devoid of scales.

COCK-FIGHTING.

Although Paris has taken so kindly to cock-fighting, and a Parisian has called a native bird that fled from its English opponent by the distinguished name of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is hardly to be expected that the cock-fights will be equal in interest to those in vogue south of the Pyrenees. In Spain you see the best contests and the best fighting-cocks in Europe, for great care is taken in the selection and training of the birds. They are English, almost without exception; and just as some men are known for the excellence of their fighting-bulls, others are known to fame by their fine game-birds. When two well-trained fighting-cocks meet, there is never a question of running away; they fight to the death. I have even seen the victor fall dead over the dead body of his opponent while attempting to express his dearly bought triumph in a crow. Sunday mornings in Spain are devoted to cock-fighting, and to the majority of the low dens in which the sport takes place women are not admitted. The removal of the neck-feathers and of nearly all but the primary feathers of the wings gives the birds a strange appearance, made yet more strange by the removal of the comb. Beyond a doubt, cock-fighting is as cruel and revolting a pastime as ever served for excuse to make a few bets, and its legalised introduction into Paris will give Dr. Max Nordau ample justification for another diatribe.

BAGDAD, THE CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

There is something delightfully quaint in the idea of the camera being turned on the town of Bagdad, the famous city of the ancient Khalifs and of the immortal Haroun-al-Raschid. "Adown the Tigris I was borne, by Bagdad's streams of fretted gold." That was the image of

bloom; while the people have clung to the costuming of the times of Omar and Anoo Shirsin. The people wear the turban and the abba, a kind of overcoat made of camel's hair. The women know not the tailor-made. To-day they insist on enveloping themselves in their impenetrable veil,



LARGEST STREET OF BAGDAD: EUROPEAN CONSULS' QUARTERS.



A COURTYARD IN BAGDAD.

Lord Tennyson. In the language of the gazetteers, however, Bagdad is situated in the desert on the left bank of the Tigris in Mesopotomia (or Turkish Arabia).

It is scarce the Bagdad of old, for the sixty great towers which formed part of the semicircled rampart surrounding the

which hides their faces even from their own family. And you will still see floating on the Tigris the same old boats, or kouffa, that might have floated any time three thousand years and more. These boats are made of straw and date-tree mats, covered with pitch, and look exactly like the floating basket in which Moses was found. To sail down the



BAGDAD, FROM THE NORTH.

town are in a sad state of ruin. And yet, with the inveteracy of Orientalism, Bagdad retains much of its pristine glory and all of its former customs. The splendid "Loins" described in "The Thousand and One Nights" are still to be seen; the famous gardens still

Tigris is a veritable dream of pleasure, for the banks are lined with beautiful trees, and in spring-time the climate is delicious. One can imagine the scene being cinematographed on the panorama principle at the Alhambra or Empire.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.

Youth, extreme youth, is the note of modern journalism.
—LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

A row of hoops and a few roller-skates stood outside the principal entrance to the magnificent buildings of the new daily journal; men fringed the kerb with alluring mechanical toys. "One punny," said the line of men to the youthful sub-editors, as they trooped in at the swing-doors, "one punny buys the whole show." A rough-haired boy, the only one who did not stay to look wistfully at a tin sailor dancing a hornpipe on the pavement, trotted stolidly up the broad steps.

"The Chief," said a veteran uniformed attendant of nearly sixteen years of age, "is astring for you, sir."

"Bother the Chief!" said the rough-haired boy with a burst of annoyance.

"The Chief'll bother you, sir," said the elderly attendant with respect, "if you keep him waiting."

"Are you sure he asked for me?"

"The Chief," said the aged attendant, "particularly mentioned you, sir, by name. His words was, 'Send that woollen-headed old fossil of a Foreign Editor to me the moment he arrives.'"

"Oh!" said the boy a little abashed, "he did mean me then."

The other sub-editors looked out of their rooms as he passed along the corridor, and made faces at the Foreign Editor as he walked slowly to the Chief's room. A rustle near to him as he approached the Chief's room made him stop.

"Willie," said a girl's voice; "Willie, come here a moment. D'you know what you did in this morning's Page Five?"

"Wasn't Page Five all right, Daisy?" asked the Foreign Editor, frightened out of his air of maturity. An insistent treble voice at the end of the passage demanded to know whether the Foreign Editor had arrived or whether he had not arrived.

"You must go," whispered Daisy. "Be a man and face it bravely."

"I don't want to leave you," said the boy nervously.

"Nonsense!" said the little girl with a grown-up look. "I've got my Fashion column to finish. Call in as you come back."

The Foreign Editor knocked timidly at the door of the Chief's room, and a shrill "Come in!" answered. The Foreign Editor took off his little silk hat and tried to hum carelessly as he entered the room.

"Hullo!" he said genially to the large lad who stood at the fireplace. "How's the world using you? Paper going well and strong?"

"Sit down," said the Chief, repressing his annoyance. "I want to talk to you."

"Bet you twopence," said the boy, "you can't run and jump on the table from where you're standing."

"I bet you twopence," shouted the Chief, "that I can run and jump on you."

"Why?" said the Foreign Editor innocently. "What have I done?"

"A simpler question to answer would be 'What haven't you done?'" The Chief snatched up a copy of the journal bearing the current date. "Just look at it!" screamed the Chief. "Don't look at me—look at that!"

"One or two errors appear to have crept in," admitted the Foreign Editor as he glanced down the deplorable columns.

"Crept in!" repeated the Chief. "Confound you! They've galloped in! What is the idea of calling Salisbury 'the leader of the stalwart Radicals'? How long has Cuba been an island on the south side of Khartoum?"

"Those blessed printers want a nurse to look after them," said the Foreign Editor uneasily.

"And what's the meaning of this word 'Daisy' on nearly every other line? 'Her Majesty's battleship *Daisy* has joined the Channel Squadron.' There is no such battleship, sir."

"Thought you wanted exclusive news."

"The Empress Daisy has interfered on behalf of the captured rebels." There is no Empress Daisy," said the Chief impressively.

"I can't help that," urged the boy, his face now very red. "I don't make Empresses."

"It is rumoured," read the Chief, "'that her Serene Highness Princess Daisy of Saxe-Meiningen is shortly to be married to a popular London journalist.' There is no Princess Daisy of Saxe-Meiningen, and, if there were, she would not marry a popular London journalist. Now, I want to ask you seriously, what the deuce does it all mean?"

"I'll tell you," said the boy impulsively with a burst. "I can't keep it a secret any longer. I may just as well get it off my mind and have done with it. Fact of the matter is, I—I'm in love."

"Love!" echoed the Chief, patting his upper lip where a moustache would some day grow. "Afraid I don't quite understand."

"I'm in love," repeated the boy Foreign Editor wildly, "and I don't care who knows it, and her name's Daisy, and I can't think of anything else, and—and—"

He burst into tears.

"My poor old chap!" said the Chief, not unkindly. "This is painful. I am deeply moved at this sudden breaking-up. Age has crept upon you with its relentless pertinacity, and has rendered you incompetent for the work of modern journalism. Somehow, I had never thought of you as an old man, and yet—"

"I—I am nearly fifteen," sobbed the Foreign Editor.

"Ah!" said the Chief thoughtfully, "when one gets to that age—haven't you a handkerchief?" He took a seat on the back of a chair

and contemplated his assistant with a sigh of compassion. "What can we do for you, I wonder? I don't like to turn off an old hand, after he has spent his best months in our service, without some compensation."

"If you please," sobbed the Foreign Editor, "I should rather—rather like to go back to school again."

"Strange," murmured the Chief, "strange what odd fancies the old folk seem to get!" He turned to the boy. "Your wish shall be acceded to," he said. "Fortunately I have one or two applications for your position from men who are doing well in the Lower Fourth at Eton, and there will, I think, be no difficulty in filling your place. You shall retire on a handsome superannuation allowance—"

"Sir," said the boy, "accept an old man's thanks."

"And I trust that you will enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* that you deserve. There are still years of life before you which you can devote to some other profession; modern journalism at your time of life is, alas! no longer possible. Take a chocolate cigarette before you go."

Out in the passage the discharged Foreign Editor met the Fashion Correspondent, explained the situation to her, and gave her the smaller half of the chocolate cigarette.

"It's a bit of a wrench," said Daisy; "but I tell you what I'll do. I'll dress my hair differently and look as old as I possibly can—say, sixteen—and then, perhaps, they'll give me a retiring allowance, too, and we can meet and—"

"Kiss," suggested the ex-Foreign Editor.

"You've taken the word from my lips," she said.—W. PETT RIDGE.

TO FAIRYLAND.

"Where are you going to, Baby small?

Where are you off to, eh?"

"Straight to the land where the Fairies call
Little boys off to play."



"What shall I do in the Fairies' land?

What shall I play at there?

Play in the castles we all have known,
Halls that are built of air."

"Run in the woods where the Christmas-trees

Blossom with lovely toys,

Beautiful presents that fall to please
Good little girls and boys."

"Sail in an ark painted crimson-lake

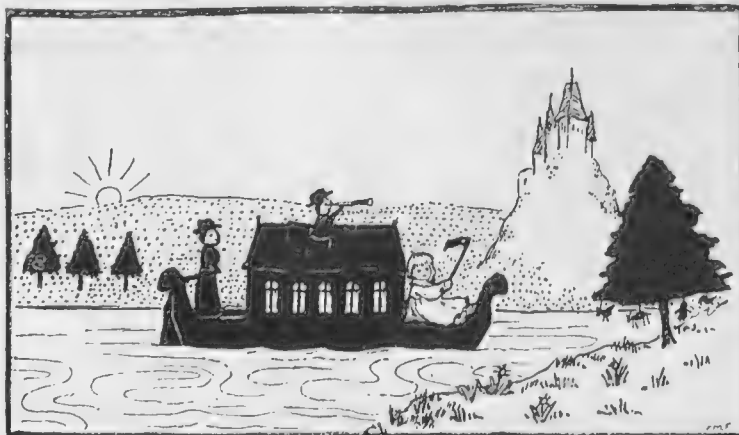
Over a custard sea;

Never be naughty, and always take
Butter and jam for tea."

"Why don't you come to land of mirth,

Over the custard sea?"

"Eyes that are dim with the dust of Earth
Fairyland cannot see."



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THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 31, 9.3; Thursday, 9.6; Friday, 9.6; Saturday, 9.7; Sunday, 9.8; Monday, 9.9; Tuesday, 9.10.

For nearly a fortnight I have spent most of my time cycling through the lanes of Dorset and Hampshire, with Bournemouth as my centre. It has been a delightful holiday—not racing and pacing to secure the



A WINDY CORNER.

doubtful satisfaction of covering an abnormal number of miles a-day, but dawdling quietly in the company of a genial cicerone, taking innumerable photographs, having frugal lunches of bread-and-cheese and beer in wayside inns, calling at farmhouses to get a glass of milk, and frequently spreading oneself beneath the shadow of a wide-armed tree, and smoking and drowsing and chatting the hours away. This is the proper way to tour, visiting the historic spots, lounging among the bracken, and musing, if you like, among the crumbling walls of old abbeys. I'm sure we never did more than fifty miles a-day, sometimes not more than thirty. Now and then we were overtaken and passed by the scorching holiday-maker, stripped to the shirt, with coat and vest strapped to the handle-bar, his face streaming with perspiration. These people were probably not happy unless they did their century a-day. The true delight of cycling is to take things gently.

Still, we didn't see as many touring cyclists in Wessex as might be expected. It is a delightful place for a little tour, with fine lichen-covered Elizabethan bridges, and quaint old manor-houses and thatched cottages, and swelling uplands and black moors and sylvan meadows. I had an enthusiastic Thomas Hardyite as my companion, and we visited many of the spots made famous in his novels—the house where the hapless Tess and Angel Clare spent their honeymoon, and we smoked our cigars by the stone grave where she was carried and laid. Most of our time we kept to the by-lanes. The roads are hilly in places and rough now and then, mended with flint. Flint is the terror of the cyclist. But I was trying a new pair of tyres, the Goodrich, single tubes, I confess I was a little bit dubious at the start about these single-tube tyres. Just now, however, I am enthusiastic. I wanted to see if these Goodrich's really came up to promise, and at times I drove them over stretches of new flint-laid road. Never once had I trouble. The Goodrich tyre has a special treble-weave of canvas in the rubber, so that it would almost require a razor to get through them. A particular advantage is that the Goodrich is a very fast traveller. My candid opinion is that it is one of the best tyres now on the market.

As I have said above, I made Bournemouth the centre of my little holiday. Cycling at this lovely southern resort is as popular as anywhere in the kingdom. But it seems there are more lady-riders than gentlemen. Every morning and evening there are shoals of bright-bloused maidens having a spin on the road that runs by the East Cliff to Boscombe. The only criticism I have to pass is that they invariably ride with their handle-bars too high.



A BIT OF GOSSIP.

Last week I suggested that parsons might do more than they now do in welcoming the London cyclist who goes roving on the Sunday. I pointed out that the reason wheelmen do not go to church more frequently was because they thought their presence in tweed knickerbockers and flannel shirts would not be approved, and I threw out the hint that the young ladies of the village might do worse than provide tea in the schoolroom at a modest charge. It is pleasant now to write that several parsons in the country are putting the idea into operation. Last Sunday, the Rev. Elwin Lewis, Rector of Fyfield, three miles from Ongar, in pretty Essex, had a special cyclists' afternoon-service. There was a sermon lasting only five minutes, and afterwards tea was supplied in the Parish Room at sixpence a head. The Rectory grounds, which cover seven acres, were thrown open, and there was no objection to the wheelmen lying about on the lawn or under the trees smoking their pipes before they started for home. It was an enjoyable afternoon. Mr. Lewis has suddenly become one of the most popular of parsons. To other parsons might be given the text, "Go thou and do likewise."

A fortnight back I advocated a long relay race. The one I would like to see, right round the country, of four or five hundred miles, would take a lot of arranging, but still it is to be hoped one will be managed before the summer passes. Meanwhile, the Beaumont Cycling Club are going to have a relay race from the House of Commons to Yarmouth and back. Sir John Colomb is to send a letter from Westminster to the Mayor of Yarmouth, and the Mayor of Yarmouth is to send a reply. The route will be *via* Woodford, Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, Saxmundham, and Kessingland. It is expected that the Post Office will be beaten in time by about six hours.

Should any of my readers be going on the Continent for a trip, I would advise that they take a short switch with them for use upon dogs. One of the annoyances of Continental cycling is the trouble caused by dogs. In most villages they swoop down upon you, yelping and barking, get in front and threaten to upset you, and they make endeavours to snap



ON THE CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.

at your legs. A good kick on the jaw of a noisy hound will frequently quieten it and send it away a sadder and wiser doggie. But every rider is not expert enough to deliver a good kick while riding. I remember, in Germany, meeting some local riders who carried small bombs, the size of a marble, that exploded when striking the ground and nearly frightened the dogs out of their wits; and others who carried a squirt charged with ammonia. But these appliances cannot be recommended. Dogs in England are used to us; but this is not so on the Continent, and, for all-round useful service, a switch is sufficient to keep them at bay.

Generally speaking, it is a mistake to imagine that noblemen are averse to cyclists and are doing all they can to prevent them being supplied with refreshments in villages within their domains. As far as I can make out, when noblemen take an arbitrary and harsh course, they are compelled to it by the rude and reckless conduct of small gangs of wheelmen whose language and behaviour certainly does much to bring all ranks of wheelmen into contempt. The Duke of Norfolk is not a vindictive landowner, and yet he has been almost forced to close his park at Arundel to cyclists. At the entrance to the park there is now this notice—

TO CYCLISTS.—Final Notice.—The Duke of Norfolk regrets to find that the notice posted on the park-gates has had little or no effect in stopping furious riding through the park. Much as he would regret to close the park to all cyclists, he will be compelled to take this course should he receive any further complaints.

Should the Duke be obliged to do this, it will not be for cyclists to raise a cry that he wants to stop their pleasure. The ride through Arundel Park is the most delightful part of the spin from London to Littlehampton; there are many deer to be seen; the little, winding Arun River is beautifully picturesque. Reasonable cyclists should take it on themselves to reprove the "scorchers" who are doing so much to bring the pastime into disrepute.

There is grim but unconscious humour in the advertisement of a hotel down at Faversham: "Cyclists provided with comfortable quarters at moderate charges. Harse and mourning-coaches kept on the premises." Maybe Faversham is the headquarters of the scorchers.

J. F. F.

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN JERUSALEM.

Pretty girls are always more or less interesting; but a girl celebrated far and wide for her beauty, a girl who has broken a score of hearts in spite of herself, who, at twenty, deliberately forswore all dreams of love or marriage, giving herself instead with ardour to the duties of a somewhat



MISS BERTHA SPAFFORD.
Photo taken in Jerusalem.

misunderstood religious band, is more interesting by far than the ordinary run of pretty girls—and she actually does exist outside the pages of a story-book.

Outside the pages only; for her surroundings, her daily life, her work, form in themselves a romance which might tempt the pen of any novelist.

It is a "far cry" to Jerusalem, yet it is there one must go to see the beautiful Bertha Spafford, of the American Colony; and it was there I did go on board Dr. H. S. Lunn's steam-yacht *Argonaut*—so charming a voyage that one was vaguely prepared to encounter almost anything by way of added romance, afloat or ashore.

We were "conducted" on our pilgrimage by Mr. C. F. S. Perowne, a son of the Bishop of Worcester, who, by obtaining

me an invitation to tea with the members of the American Colony, indirectly brought about the introduction to Miss Spafford.

It was on the way back from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem that I accepted the invitation. Wonderful sunset colours had turned the sky and the distant mountains of Moab to opal, as I knocked at the door of the great white house sacred to the American Colony, the flags which had lately shown honour to the Emperor of Germany still waving in the breeze overhead.

In the court-yard, or garden, which is belted and hidden from the world by the house-walls, I was in the Orient; in a moment more, reaching the drawing-room, I was suddenly at home in England. Tea was a part of this effect. I talked to Mrs. Spafford and a few other ladies who were members of the Colony, and then Miss Bertha Spafford came in. One look at her pure young face, magnolia pale, lighted by great brown eyes of a peculiar starry radiance, and I was ready to believe all the stories of men who had given up home and ambition for love of her, even without hope that what they felt could ever be returned. Physically, there was no fault to find with feature or colouring, yet the secret of a beauty so peculiar and almost indescribable was to be found, I thought, in the spirit within, which seemed to shine through the veil of flesh as light shines through alabaster.

The American Colony in Jerusalem, grown now to be far more than an American Colony, has been gossiped about; but none who have seen and known Miss Spafford or her mother can doubt their sincerity, the purity of their motives or their life, and their self-sacrificing belief in the highest of all ideals.

Just because of the disputes regarding the Colony which are rife among English-speaking people in Jerusalem, and because I wanted to hear the point of view which had induced Miss Spafford to choose a life so different from that of other girls, I begged that she would tell me something about the circle in which she lived.

"We call ourselves 'Overcomers,'" she said. "That is not a boast of what we do, but only what we try to do, all of us, every day and hour and moment. It was my mother who first had the idea of such a life as we live, and of coming to live it here, at Jerusalem, the most sacred place in the world to Christians, and therefore a constant reminder of the One Example.

"You see, it was like this, as she has often told me, for I was not very old at that time. Something in the modern religion of the churches grated on her; she felt that all the beautiful old simplicity of Christ's teachings was being overlaid and obscured with dogmas which would have filled him with sadness. People who called themselves Christians were often hypocritical, jealous, and backbiting, not ready to sacrifice or humble themselves for others. So with a few friends she talked over the principles of such a Colony as this, and the thought grew and took form. Those who had money put it into a common fund; those who had none were welcome; but all alike were bound by the same vows, and our rules still remain much as they were in those days. We must think no evil, speak no evil of anyone in the world, no matter what may be done to us, for God is in all the creatures he has created. We must tell no lies—no, not even what some people call 'white fibs.' We must work for each other, all taking our turn at the most menial services, for we are our own servants, and we must do what we can to work for all humanity as well. We must love one another, so much that we need crave no selfish, absorbing love; and—and that is the reason why we allow no marriage."

She blushed a little as she said this, for all Jerusalem knows that Miss Spafford has received almost countless matrimonial offers, and that,

though the law of the Colony forbids it, the members pledge themselves with no vows which could not be disregarded if they so willed.

"I mean to say," she went on, "that we are not bound, except by our own feelings. But we would have to leave the Colony if we married, and I think few of us could bear that. I know I could not, for I feel that the life we lead here is the only life for me. It is so full—and it is very happy, too."

"Tell me something about it, please," I said.

"Well, you know there are one hundred and forty men and women, from many countries, and of almost all ages, here with us. The married ones are allowed to bring their children, and may love each other as much as they ever did, but they must not be husband and wife, in the earthly sense, any more. We are all great friends, and, because we are friends, sure of our own and each other's integrity; people outside misunderstand us sometimes—not often, we trust. Part of the secret of our happiness is that we work—not for ourselves, but for others. Those of us who make money by photographing, or teaching, or sewing, give our money to the fund. And that fund is used not only for our support, but for the poor who come to us, the sick whom we nurse, and in many other ways—we don't speak of them as 'charities,' because our idea is that all who need our money have as much right to it as we have. It only happens that we have the chance to disburse it."

"What is your special work, Miss Spafford?" I asked.

"Very interesting work indeed. For two years I have taught in a Moslem school for young girls, and I and the two friends from our Colony whom I have been allowed to have as assistants are the only Christian women who have ever been asked or allowed to teach in a Mohammedan institution. I was first invited because of the good discipline maintained among the children brought by the married people into our Colony. Of course, we say nothing about religion, but we teach the girls things which will help make them into good, sensible women—things of which they had no faintest inkling of knowledge until we were given charge of them. Before that, they were simply taught from the Koran, to read and write; but we teach them deportment, discipline (it was very foreign from their poor little natures at first, but they are taking kindly to it now), plain needlework, embroidery, ironing (which they love, and do beautifully), geography (a great novelty in a Moslem school for girls), and, above all, *keeping themselves clean*. We have succeeded so well that, though the pupils at one time were almost entirely of the poorer class, mothers of those in a different rank have begun sending their daughters. We are so fond of the girls; some are tiny things, but a great many are of the marriageable age, and have begun to wear veils when they go out into the street. You would smile to see how proud the little things are of their veils—just as girls in our countries are when they begin putting up their hair. Sometimes women come to ask us to help choose wives for their sons, or even for their husbands, rather than be put away, according to the law, if they have no children. That is very sad—and we see a great many sad things in our life here. But what of that, if we are doing our little best to make it better? Then the sad things do not hurt our hearts so much."

As she said this, the lovely young face looked so happy that I felt it must indeed be a strong man who could dare set himself to win this girl from her convictions.

C. N. WILLIAMSON.



CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.

After the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the South Kensington Museum.
Photographed by A. Rischgitz.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Derby is not likely to cause any great excitement this year, and it is a pity that something could not be done to give the race more of a handicap character. It may be that in the near future the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas will be made to carry a penalty in the Derby. Winners of the triple crown are all right on paper, but they may justly be termed spoil-sports from the point of view of the Clerk of the Course. I suppose, just as a matter of form, it is necessary to predict an easy win for Flying Fox, while Holocauste, if so good as he has been painted, should be second, and I think the Irish colt, Oppressor, may get third. Thus the spoils will be divided by England, France, and Ireland. Flying Fox, by-the-bye, is said to be one of the best colts trained at Kingsclere since Ormond's year, and he is very likely to achieve a record in the matter of winning valuable races.

Newhaven II. ought to win the Epsom Cup, as the horse is said to be very fit just now. I am afraid the field for the Acorn Stakes will not be of the best quality. I think Nushka will go close. Perhaps the most interesting race of the week will be that for the Oaks, as owners may run their horses on the off-chance. This race has produced no end of surprises, and the professional speculators generally leave it alone, although they dropped thousands of pounds last year when Airs and Graces beat a hot favourite in Nun Nicer. For Friday's race Sibola is considered to be a certainty. She won the One Thousand Guineas easily, and I cannot see what is to beat her, especially as Sloan will be in the saddle. Some of the knowing ones always back the fourth in the One Thousand to win the Oaks. Victoria May finished fourth to Sibola at Newmarket, and she is certain to be well backed on Friday, but R. Marsh and Mr. J. W. Larnach have had a tantalising run of bad luck up to now this year, and it may be that the horses in this stable will not be fit before the Ascot Meeting is brought off.

The Queen often attended race-meetings during the Prince Consort's lifetime, and she saw both Voltigeur and The Flying Dutchman run at the Ascot Meeting. Her Majesty before ascending the throne attended the Ascot Meeting when her uncle, King William IV., ran horses. George IV. at his death left his horses to his brother, afterwards William IV., who tried to win the Oatland Stakes in 1831. The stake was then thirty sovs. each, twenty shillings forfeit, and there were nine subscribers, two of whom paid forfeit; the distance to be run over at that time was two miles and a-half. The horse the King entered was The Colonel, who in 1828 ran a dead-heat for the Derby with Cadland, but lost the run-off. In the Oatland Stakes The Colonel also ran a dead-heat with Mr. Mill's Mouche, four years, 7 st. 5 lb., while The Colonel was six years, and carried 9 st. 6 lb. in the run-off. The gallant old warrior broke down, and Mouche won by ten lengths. Nelson, the jockey of The Colonel, finding something amiss, eased up, and so let the other canter in. On the news of The Colonel's breakdown being known, many offers were made to the King to buy him; but his Majesty, in his bluff sailor-fashion, exclaimed, "Damn it! You don't mean to say I am going to forsake a friend in trouble? What, me sell my late dear brother's horses? No, not for any amount of money! He shall go to the stud, where he will be well looked after."

It is a thousand pities that the Paddock at Epsom is so far away from the Stands, and I certainly do think that Mr. Dorling could easily manage a paddock at the back of the Grand Stand by utilising the ground in the direction of the Brighton station. Further, in all but the big races the preliminary canter might easily be dispensed with. It is of the first importance that punctuality should be maintained throughout at a meeting which attracts the crowds that Epsom does, and I have often wondered that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have not taken notice of the serious delays that have taken place at this meeting. True, the difficulty of starting big fields in five- and six-furlong races is great, but this could be overcome by adopting the starting-gate. Time should

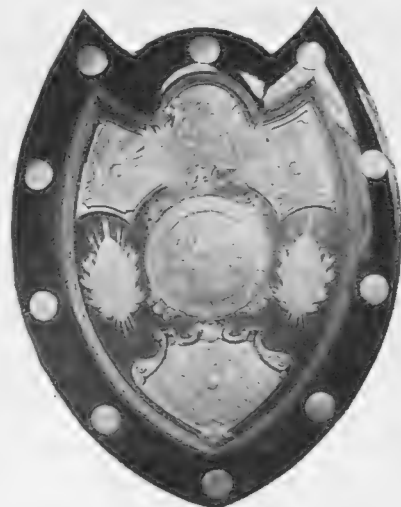
be kept, at all costs, so as to minimise the risks attaching to the carrying of large numbers to and from London by train. Besides, the "road" people want to arrive home before midnight, if it can be managed anyhow.

I was sorry to see that the overnight races fared so badly on the first day of the Manchester Meeting; but, if it leads to a reform in the matter of closing these races, so much the better for the sport. I think Clerks of Courses would be consulting their own interests if they would only complete the first day's programme a week before the meeting. It would be an easy matter to tout for entries to selling races, and it is quite certain that, if plenty were obtained for the first day, the selling events on the remaining days of the fixture would be assured. Races with thousands added command plenty of entries, and they look attractive enough on paper; but, when it comes to the day for their decision, we often find that they dwindle down to very uninteresting affairs. It is, therefore, necessary to see that the selling events command plenty of entries. It is, of course, a big responsibility to send a £50 plater two hundred miles on the off-chance of his winning a £100 prize, but there are any number of speculative owners prepared to do this.—CAPTAIN COE.

FOOTBALL.

A handsome shield, which is to be competed for by Bulawayo football teams, has been made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

It has a background of fine bronze, with a border of oak-leaves. The solid silver ornamentation and panels are richly chased in bold relief, and the combination of bronze and silver has a very pleasing effect. At the top appear the Arms of the Chartered Company, with the initials "M.A.F.A." above; at each side are panels having football emblems introduced, with branches of laurel entwined, trophies of Matabele weapons and native shields, a football-scene in the centre surrounded by the words "Charity Shield," and the rose, shamrock, and thistle, with crossed flags and football at the foot. The whole is mounted upon an ebonised frame with silver bosses for engraving the names of the winning teams. The trophy, the cost of which was defrayed by public subscription, is to be played for every year by the various "Socker" teams in the town, under the League Competition Rules. The Bulawayo Hospital benefits to the extent of fifty per cent. of the gate-money taken at these matches, and in this way the competition means an annual source of income to the hospital of some £50 to £60.



BULAWAYO FOOTBALL CHALLENGE SHIELD.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

The tide of racing is rolling from Johannesburg to Capetown, judging by the phenomenal success attending the two days' Turf Club Meeting at Kenilworth's picturesque course in the end of April, the rural beauty of surroundings being principally due to the foresight and energy of the Secretary, Mr. Graham Cloete, who has for years been connected with South African racing in an official capacity. There was a record attendance, including the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner. The principal honours of the meeting were divided between The Gown (a handsome son of Barcaldine) and Worldly Wise (one of Veracity's get), the former winning the Metropolitan Handicap (one mile) under the crush of 10 st. 13 lb., and ridden by Harrison, the minimum weight being 6 st. 9 lb., and the latter the Electric Handicap. The debut of The Gown at Kenilworth heralded the return to the Turf of Mr. P. J. Marais, whilst the Worldly one, ridden by Bobbie Raaff, is owned and trained by that cosmopolitan South African sportsman, Mr. H. D. Bradley. The Galloway Handicap was won by Carbon, a son of Conductor, owned, trained, and ridden by a local veteran amateur, Mr. Herbert Jones, a record field of fifteen facing the starter. Coaching patrons from town (eight miles) were "ribboned" to the course in good old English style by Mr. Mainwaring-White on the "Hout Bay." No regrettable incident marred the success of the meeting, the club being exceedingly fortunate in commanding the services of gentlemen of the calibre of Colonel Morgan-Crofton and Mr. J. B. Lindley (starters), Lieut.-Colonel Hanbury-Williams (judge), and Mr. F. L. St. Leger (clerk of the scales). It is probable that at no distant date four Turf Club Meetings in the year will be assigned to the racecourse of the South African metropolis. The photo was taken by Duffus Brothers, of Cape Town and Johannesburg.



WORLDLY WISE AND MR. H. D. BRADLEY (CAPETOWN).

SOME SENSATIONAL DERBIES.

One has not to search very far back in Turf history for the record of a sensational Derby. For of the hundred-odd struggles for the Blue Riband which have been contested upon Epsom's famous Downs, few have caused more sensation than that of last year, when Jeddah, starting at the decidedly useful price of 100 to 1 against, beat the Duke of Westminster's colt Batt by three-quarters of a length, with another 100 to 1 "chance," in Dunlop, a moderate third.

The most extraordinary thing about the '98 race was that the winner's connections thought he stood no chance whatever, for the Duke of Devonshire's Diendoné, trained in the same stable, was considered to be infinitely the superior of the pair. But, as has happened in innumerable cases, the despised outsider carried off the prize, while its more fancied stable-companion finished "nowhere."

It is a long cry back from 1898 to 1844—a year which will always be associated with one of the most daring Turf frauds ever perpetrated. In that year a horse described on the card as "Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, by The Saddler—Queen Mab," came in first for the Derby; but, it being afterwards proved to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club authorities that the winner was really a four-year-old by Gladiator—Capsicum's Dam, the race was awarded to General Peel's colt Orlando, which had finished second.

Running Rein's owner quickly brought an action for recovery of the stakes, the case being tried before Baron Alderson and a special jury. The Judge insisted upon the plaintiff producing Running Rein; but that Mr. Wood stated he was unable to do, the animal having been taken away, he declared, without his knowledge or consent. Thereupon Baron Alderson pointedly remarked that this was a case of horse-stealing, and that, if he had the trying of it, he would unhesitatingly sentence all concerned in the affair with transportation for life. Thus the plaintiff's case collapsed, and Orlando was legally declared winner of the 1844 Blue Riband.

The Derby of 1867, won by Mr. Chaplin's Hermit, will always be memorable for having been run during a snowstorm, and by reason of the fact that some of the most sensational wagering on record took place over the race.

It was undoubtedly the victory of Hermit that ruined the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, whose losses amounted to nearly £200,000. One transaction alone made by this plunging nobleman was an even £10,000 upon three of the competitors, not one of which succeeded in getting a place. The bulk of his losses, however, were sustained through laying heavily against Hermit at long odds. By the success of his colt Mr. Chaplin won over £100,000, while two other aristocratic turfites, who are still living, were credited with having netted about half that sum each.

To the Derby of the following year also, the term "sensational" may fitly be applied. For Blue Gown, the 1868 winner, was the "outsider" of the three candidates owned by Sir Joseph Hawley, and that sporting baronet had never thought very highly of the animal. But Blue Gown was what is known as a "popular" horse; so when Sir Joseph learned that the public to a man had planked their half-crowns on the colt, he remarked: "Very well; they shall have a run for their money, then."

So Blue Gown took his chance in the Derby, which he won gallantly in the then record time of 2 min. 43½ sec. Sir Joseph Hawley did not risk a penny upon the colt, although he would have taken an enormous sum out of the ring had either Green Sleeve or Rosicrucian—his two other candidates—come in first. So delighted, however, was the baronet at seeing his black-and-cherry jacket borne to victory in the coveted race, that he presented the whole of the stakes, worth about £6000, to Blue Gown's jockey, "Tiny" Wells.

It was not so much the 1870 success of Kingcraft which caused that year's race to be enrolled upon the list of sensational Derbies, as the unaccountably bad running of Macgregor. The latter colt had, a few weeks previously, cantered away with the Two Thousand Guineas, and, in consequence of that hollow victory, he was made a very hot favourite for the Derby. During the intervening weeks, Macgregor progressed so satisfactorily that money was literally piled upon him, and when the flag fell his price was 9 to 4 on. To the amazement, however, of his owner and trainer, Macgregor had to be driven to keep up with his opponents, and, in the end, he could finish only fourth, behind Kingcraft, Palmerston, and Muster—probably the very worst horses that ever filled the three foremost places in a Blue Riband contest. Though nothing could be proved, it is a well-known fact that Macgregor was "nobbled" at the instigation of some scoundrels who had laid heavily against the colt.

That was a sensational Derby, too, when, in 1880, the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or, ridden by the late Fred Archer, defeated his old rival, Robert the Devil. A week or two before the race, Archer's right arm had been badly bitten by a savage racehorse, and this was the famous jockey's first appearance in the saddle since the occurrence. Things had not gone well with his "mount" either, for not only had Bend Or been suffering from shin-soreness, but he had been given a wrong dose of physic by mistake. Consequently, the odds against the Kingsclere candidate lengthened, while the price on offer about Robert the Devil contracted.

Nobody who saw that memorable struggle is likely to forget it. "Robert" was always holding a good position; but Bend Or, who had got off none too well, got shut in at a critical moment, and when at length Archer did find an opening, it appeared to be too late. As the

nineteen runners neared the Grand Stand, Robert the Devil was striding along in front, apparently winning as he pleased. But suddenly a bright-yellow jacket shot out, and, before the spectators could realise what had happened, Bend Or had overhauled the favourite and won by a head.

Within recent years no little sensation was caused by the 1892 success of Sir Hugo. Starting at the long odds of 40 to 1, this somewhat moderate colt just managed to defeat the late Baron Hirsch's La Flèche—a defeat for which the filly partially atoned two days later by securing the Oaks.

But by far the most sensational Derby of all was that of 1896, won by Persimmon, a colt bred and owned by the Prince of Wales. Though there were eleven competitors, the race some distance from the winning-post resolved itself into a match between the bearer of the royal jacket and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin. At the "distance," Persimmon challenged so resolutely that it looked as though he were going to win easily. But St. Frusquin was by no means done with, and a ding-dong battle was stubbornly contested right up to the judge's box, past which Persimmon flashed a bare half-length in advance of Mr. Rothschild's game colt.

The scene on the course when the victor's number was hoisted was one which beggars description. Cheer after cheer issued from thousands of throats, hats were recklessly pitched aloft, and for nearly ten minutes the great multitude seemed to have gone mad with delight.

No; there is never likely to be a more sensational Derby than that of '96—"the Prince's year," as loyal turfites call it.

MR. CARTON'S NEW PLAY.

They ought to have given to Mrs. Bulmer a Cross of the Legion of Honour—or, perhaps, dishonour—in return for her heroism; but all that she got was an amiable, elderly, sentimental husband who was not a little "gogo," if I may use an expressive French word. What was her heroic deed? You will remember Balzac's story—though we have it on some authority that English people never read Balzac—of the man who allowed himself to be walled up in a chimney-place by a jealous husband without uttering a sound, for fear lest he should injure the ill-deserved reputation of his mistress; or may recollect the tale of the man who, under similar circumstances, permitted himself to be tried and hanged as a burglar, to say nothing of Dumas' famous drama with the phrase, "Elle m'a résisté et je l'ai tuée." In a sense, Mrs. Bulmer's deed was more heroic. She, in order to save her sister-in-law from the normal consequences of elopement with a married man, actually alleged that she herself was the guilty party, and permitted several people to believe that there was this fearful stain on her honour. Dramatists, as a rule, are guiltless of the blind cruelty of Nature, so, in the end, the splendid falsehood succeeded in its purpose, at little cost to the fascinating widow, since all those who had heard her falsehood disbelieved it. Indeed, even Jim Blagden, the boisterous, drunken country squire, was fine enough to see that the widow was perfectly "straight."

"Wheels within Wheels," Mr. Carton's play, may not be, perhaps, what is called an edifying piece, because good people seem to think that pictures of the wicked, however truly drawn, are not edifying, but it is clever and interesting; there is hardly a dull moment in it, though, once or twice, in the last act, when the characters are explaining to one another things that the audience already understand, one feels tempted to wish the author had left a few strings untied. Moreover, seeing how many witty lines Mr. Carton is able to put into his comedy, one regrets the presence of some jokes of poor quality. It is pleasant to students of English drama to see that a difficult play can be acted admirably by a company no member of which may be called a "star." Miss Compton's acting is a joy to the connoisseur; but she has been seen so rarely of late that many playgoers—indeed, most—out of the Metropolis have little idea of her quality. In Mrs. Bulmer she has a part that suits her perfectly. Miss Lena Ashwell, constant in progress and one of the most promising of our players, showed great skill as the lady who nearly elopes. Mr. Bouchier, who is becoming a character-actor of great value, delights everybody by his picture of the boisterous Blagden. Mr. Dion Boucicault plays charmingly as the elderly "Gogo." Mr. Eric Lewis shows himself as much at home in comedy as in comic opera, where his value is incontestable. Last, but not least, is Mr. Thalberg, able to present the wicked lover in so manly and impetuous a style that one feels very nearly sorry for his defeat, and only comforted by thinking that defeat was better for him than triumph.

E. F. S.

In order to facilitate the increasing Continental traffic, the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Companies have arranged that, commencing June 1, the Night Mail Train shall run as formerly (with a slightly later departure), leaving Victoria 9.15 p.m., Holborn 9.15 p.m., and St. Paul's 9.17 p.m. In connection with these services a through carriage will be run to Dover from the London and North-Western Company's system, enabling passengers to leave Liverpool 4.5 p.m., Manchester 4.15 p.m., and Birmingham 5.45 p.m. The Night Mail services from the Continent to St. Paul's, Holborn, and Victoria will also be resumed, arriving at St. Paul's 5.40 a.m., Holborn 5.42 a.m., and Victoria 5.40 a.m.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Things are once more beginning to swing in town, from the social point of view, with the return of people both from Paris and the country. The weather still puts its thundery veto on the harmless, necessary Garden Party; but evening fashions are much in the bill, and there is a



[Copyright.]

FOR ASCOT.

continuous demand for ball-dresses, and still more ball-dresses, among the clients of the better class of dressmakers. If possible, the creations which our West-End modistes have been busy preparing for the advent of fine weather are prettier and more alluring even than the evening toilettes; but while the weather remains in that vindictive mood which only waits for the appearance of smart frocks to come down and destroy them, there is no encouragement to display the fine things with which our wardrobes are laden.

It is, in fact, only those lucky people who have been in Paris or Rome during the past week that have been enabled to show off their summer finery at the various smart fêtes organised in connection with her Majesty's eightieth birthday.

At home the Park has scarcely been favoured yet with a view of a summer parasol, not to mention a summer costume, and people have gone forth perforce in tailor-mades instead of taffetas.

Some of the frocks worn at the Garden Party given by Sir Edmund and Lady Mounson to celebrate the Queen's birthday were very beautiful. One done in pale-blue cashmere had a yoke and sleeves made entirely of string-coloured guipure, over white satin that emerged from the tunic, which was scooped at the edges. This style is exceedingly smart, and most becoming to the figure. Another dress, made entirely of chiffon, had an embroidered *entre-deux* overlaid at regular intervals from the neck to the hem of tunic, which was vandyked. Underneath it came two flounces of pale-green silk under others of white chiffon, which was bordered with the same insertion as that of the tunic. With this a large

white lace hat was worn, very transparent and filmy, in the manner of most up-to-date millinery. Three white feathers, one coming over the brim in front and two at the side, were caught in with a large Strass buckle. Giving an extra note of originality to this costume were two large *choux* of black ribbon-velvet, one of which was placed at the right side of the bodice, and another, just below, marking the waist-line.

All possible versions and editions of the bolero appeared on the various smart women who walked about, and the smartest dress it is possible to conceive was composed of a white muslin spotted with black embroidered spots about the size of a pea. Over it came a tunic of the palest-green velvet, the tunic, cut quite short in front, having the rounded form of a little apron, while it was long and gathered at the back.

The bolero, which was cut in one with the tunic at the back, was shaped in three curved lapels in front, and embroidered round the edge with silver embroidery. The jewellery worn with this most uncommon costume was not less original, being, in fact, all silver, which is once again becoming a matter of the moment among smart women in Paris. A long chain and locket emblazoned with heraldic designs in coloured enamel were matched by bangles and ear-rings similarly ornamented. These latter ornaments are, by the way, having an increasing vogue, and few smart women now consider themselves completely equipped without wearing them.

While on the subject of jewellery, I must wander off my dress disclosures for the moment to remark on the beauty of some of the exquisite new designs which have been brought out by the Parisian



[Copyright.]

ANOTHER RACE-GOWN.

Diamond Company for the present season. Some of their last designs in pearl and diamond collars are quite feats of jewel-setting, and their corsage-sprays done in diamonds are, from the artistic point of view, worthy of all admiration, while some of their other novelties are in the "boutons de manchettes" which Parisian women are now wearing in

greater elaboration than has been the fashion for years. Much admiration is also due to their new designs in the before-mentioned ear-rings, which are again becoming so much the fashion with the Monde. Bangles in great variety and many unique designs also tempt the woman who looks to lose herself in purchase, and many quaint and lovely patterns of waist-buckles also beckon to one alluringly from their velvet-lined cases.

The Comtesse Boni de Castellane, who, even in Paris, is now reputed for dressing, appeared at Longchamp on Sunday with a very glorified version of that faithful friend, the foulard gown. This particular one was of white silk, with garlands of pink, blue, and black spread over it at regular intervals. The bodice was fully drawn across the front, and had a yoke of finely tucked white chiffon, with large lapel



[Copyright.]

ONE OF MISS LENA ASHWELL'S GOWNS AT THE COURT THEATRE.

of black Chantilly lace. The skirt, made plain to show the pattern of the silk, had a narrow apron and a wide flounce of the same beautiful fabric.

A transparent hat of white lace, with blue and white feathers, and a large black velvet *chou*, crowned the bronze-coloured locks of this little American lady very daintily. Few indeed would recognise in the smart and piquant little Countess the demure Miss Jay Gould of a few years back.

Smart parasols are very smart this year, both as to handle and covering, all the more elaborate ones being made up of lace and mousseline in various delicate shades. The last fancy is that a parasol should imitate a flower, and the rose, lily, and violet are simulated in their natural colours, with petals of mousseline-de-soie. Their lacquered handles are made to represent the foliage of the flower. In Paris these handles are often inlaid with jewels, and the opal, which has remained so long in abeyance, partly because of the silly superstition and partly on account of its costliness, has now come greatly to the front. The price of these beautiful jewels has come down very much in the market of late years, since the large finds in Australia.

The opal is not alone used in personal jewellery, but parasol-handles,

and even dog-collars, are ornamented with these gems, while one of the most splendid gowns it is possible to imagine has been lately worn by the Queen of Italy, the milk-white satin of which it is composed being thickly over-sewn on the bodice with a large floral design done in real opals.

At John Simmons' well-known first-floor in the Haymarket—a firm which is equally celebrated for good taste and good cut—I saw an extremely smart dress the other day, done in Pastel-blue cloth, which is of a softer and more delicate shade than those which have been lately worn. The bodice, which fitted perfectly, was treated to a front of one of the new dyed guipures which are so much a vogue in Paris; underneath it in front were three little round capes, which extended to the back, and were edged with Pastel-blue poplin cut on the cross, of one shade darker than the cloth. Two bias bands of this material joined by a narrow band of guipure formed the waistband, which met at the back under a broad old-gold buckle. The skirt was open down one side only, and had its indentations edged to match the capes. The back of this skirt, which was quite flat and fitted beautifully, was prolonged to a short train. Tight dresses, it may here be mentioned *en passant*, though very much in general—too general—favour, are apt to look ludicrous if badly made, and the effect is frequently deplorable and grotesque unless the newest fashionable gown is modelled to the figure *à ravir*. Now, this is exactly where Messrs. Simmons excel, and, while keeping within absolutely get-at-able prices, their style and fit are always undeniably good, than which, I take it, no dressmaker or tailor can hope for or deserve a better character.

Many of the new hats are worn with strings this season, and when tulle is the material employed, the effect on fresh young faces and fresh young complexions is all that may be of the most charming; but women well past their second youth should be ardently advised to forego such coquettish enshrining of their features, for it can offer no possible effect to their friends but a mirth-provoking one.

I did not know that there were any people still left in the world who, for want of the sinews of war, went watchless; but, if such there be, he should mark him well that those most enterprising and, at the same time, excellent jewellers, Benson's, of Ludgate Hill and Bond Street fame, are now willing to send about their famous English levers very much on the plan by which our only journal, the *Times*, so philanthropically popularised the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in British households. For one year only, Benson's twenty-five-guinea half-chronometers can be purchased at the rate of twenty-five shillings per month—a plan which will thus enable many men, to whom time or the keeping of it is a vital matter, to walk forth in the secure possession of the best lever to be had for love, hire, or money.

Slender necks are very much in favour at the moment, and some of the new blouses—for blouses are still worn, in the morning at all events—are cut very high, with tight-fitting bands that slope up under the ear in a becoming but rather choking fashion, while all sorts of quaint little fringes and narrow trimmings in endless variety are employed to carry out quaint designs on these newest bodices.

Jewelled and artistic belts are the indispensable wear of the well-bestowed woman, and with every costume it is safe to adopt elaborate fastenings, which this Season has more than ever brought to the front. White kid belts, with a monogram done in three shades of gold or three different metals, is the newest way of finishing white silk or cloth gowns, for morning wear at least.

It may be added, by the way, that white is very much to the fore for the forthcoming outdoor summer wear; but it will be white of the utmost elaboration, and not like one of the four-and-twenty white muslin frocks with which our guileless, sloping-shouldered, blue-ribboned grandmothers mainly built up their summer wardrobes.

Perhaps at some time we may once more hark back to the admired simplicity of the Early Victorian young woman, who sat upright in a high-backed chair, and thought Madame de Staël as far as she could possibly go in light literature. But it will not be yet, for the complexities of life and the elaboration of costume are very much in the manner of our thoughts at present.

To be anything nowadays one must be at least individual—if possible, original, but never on any account simple, with a flavour of that forty years back simplicity which our fathers and uncles so greatly admired, because it was not given them to meet anything better.

Nevertheless, simple or compound, there is the ever ancient but always new craving for admiration hidden deep in the female inner consciousness, and, whether it leads us to indulge in champagne-bottle shoulders or balloon sleeves, the eternal desire to please remains at the beginning and end of all our choppings and changes of fashion.

SYBIL.

THE LEGIONS OF THE WIND.

In the silences of the woods,
I have heard all day and all night
The moving multitudes
Of the Wind in flight.
He is named Myriad:
And I am sad
Often, and often I am glad,
But oftener I am white
With fear of the dim broods
That are his multitudes.—FIONA MACLEOD.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 13.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

All the week the Stock Markets have been dull and spiritless, while money, both for short loans and discounts, has shown a hardening tendency. The Bank Return was not reassuring, and it is more than ever evident that gold does not accumulate at the central institution. The Japanese new loan is said to have been underwritten at 2 per cent.; but the market did not take to it very kindly, and Messrs. Panmure Gordon and Co. had considerable difficulty in getting through the work. The issue price is to be 90, so that, if the underwriters get "stuck," the stock will come to them at 88. We hear, for a wild gamble, Mount Lyell West at about 4s. may be worth buying; but those who follow such a tip must not grumble if they lose their money. The deal is very like taking twenty to one about an outsider for the Derby.

FOREIGN RAILS.

It was hardly to be expected that the swift rise in Argentine Railway securities would continue without some set-back occurring, and the relapse that has taken place within the past fortnight is as natural as it is healthy. While the position of the Republic is gradually becoming more settled, its Railway stocks have been depressed a trifle on account of the rumours of locusts, and also by what has been regarded as a disappointing series of traffics. But that the rise will shortly be resumed we have no doubt, provided that the political horizon continues clear. The locusts, so constant a source of trouble, are too uncertain an element to be reckoned with except in the vaguest way, and, of course, their incursions might very easily upset the best-laid calculations. These two

influences apart, however, the outlook for Argentine Railway stocks is bright, and, despite the rise it has enjoyed, we consider Central Argentine Ordinary is still one of the cheapest stocks in the market to buy for a lock-up.

Brazilian Railways have lately been attracting some attention, and the high rate of interest yielded by some of the stocks has induced purchases by

people who have studied the financial position of Brazil and who profess to see a great prospect for the country as they read between the lines of the latest Government report, issued the other day. The exchange is now about eightpence per milreis, an advance of nearly twopence-halfpenny from the lowest point touched this year. While we cannot share the extremely sanguine views of some of the apologists for Brazil, we willingly admit that, with care and economy, the country may again be able to pay its way, to the immense advantage of the railway and other investments that have dipped largely into British cash.

Travelling farther north still on the map, the Mexican Railway continues to do well; but the progress of its securities in the Stock Exchange is hampered by the entire absence of support, the market having again fallen upon sleepy days. We are unchanged in our opinion that the First Preference will yet go to par, and the Seconds to 45. Interocanics are being freely bought by the people who usually patronise the other line, and, as an investment, we might point to the 4 per cent. Debentures of this company, which stand about 95.

THE "ELECTRICAL" MARKET.

There are indications in the Electric Lighting share department of a coming rise in some of the more popular descriptions. The market has never recovered from the fright which it received at the time when vestry competition was so much threatened, and the fact of a few bad dividend distributions coming on the top of the scare was quite enough to deter fresh investors coming forward to support the courage of weak holders, who foresaw their securities flaring into nothingness. Now, however, confidence is gradually becoming restored, and we should not be surprised to witness a gradual, steady advance in the best shares.

Last year saw the culmination of the electric-lighting boom, and although the ridiculously inflated prices to which some shares were hoisted are unlikely to be reached again, there is some solid food for reflection in glancing over the highest prices that were touched in

1898, and comparing them with those that are ruling to-day. To take a few examples—

Shares.	Highest 1898.	May 27.	Fall.
Charing Cross	15	11½	3½
Chelsea	12½	8½	3¾
City of London	30½	16½	14½
Metropolitan	21½	17	4¾
St. James's and Pall Mall ...	19½	17½	2
Westminster	18½	15	3¾

Exceptional influences have been at work to account for the fall in City of London, chief among which, of course, has been the fear of the company losing its monopoly of the Corporation of London work. Strenuous efforts have also been made to arrange terms upon which the Corporation should acquire the "City" Company's undertaking, and the terms hitherto suggested are none of the rosier for the shareholders in the company. The price has been depressed, too, on account of a large line of shares for which the owner was unable to find a buyer when he wished to sell, but we understand that this obstacle to the rise is now removed. There seems to be no reason why the shares should not at least rise to 20 this year. Of the others in our list, the one which is most likely to advance is Charing Cross, particularly if its petition for a foothold in the City is granted. The probability of this, however, is remote, but we believe that the company is doing good business. St. James's and Pall Mall are likely to remain weak until the long-discussed new issue is made.

KAFFIRS.

President Kruger as advocate for Uitlander interests against a tyrannous Volksraad was much too pathetic a picture for the Kaffir Circus to contemplate without emotion—an emotion which found its natural outlet in a melancholy marking-down process all along the line.

It was a painful experience for a market which had only just returned from its Whitsuntide holidays all in the gayest of spirits and the most "bullish" of moods. But there is a succession of sinister incidents dogging its every step, and, under the enervating circumstances of fresh alarms every day, the wonder is that prices maintain their ground so fairly as they do. That word "incidents" we used advisedly, because the news that comes over day after day is nothing but a record of incidents too slight to be called "events," and yet grave enough to throw the market into a perpetual fidget and anxiety to know what on earth is going to happen next.

From the meeting of President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner we do not anticipate much comfort to the shareholders in Kaffir gold-mining concerns. The old gentleman will point to his own attempts to extend the franchise, and to the opposition which he encountered from his Volksraad. Not that this particular reform would be of much use to the Uitlanders even if it *did* become law; but it might, of course, be the thin end of the wedge of other reforms that are really substantial.

However, from this President and from this Raad of his the gold industry is never likely to derive any appreciable benefit. "The only thing for us to do," said a Kaffir Circus jobber the other day, "is to buy the best things when they're low, pocket the dividends, and be satisfied with 10 per cent. on our money. The profit is sure to come sooner or later." It is just a paraphrase of what we have been preaching all this year, and once more, at the risk of wearying by iteration, we would press home the maxim that when things are flat is the time to buy, and not when they are booming.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Everybody rejoices at the departure of a Nineteen-day Account, and the one that is now shaking the dust off its feet has not tended to diminish much of the popular dislike that attaches to a long Settlement. The stoppage of business on account of the holidays, the disturbing political news from the Transvaal, the vague apprehensions of trouble at the Paris Settlement, and a variety of minor causes, have nipped the spirits of the "bulls" in the bud, and have caused men to shake their heads ominously as they cast the financial horoscope. By far the most cheering event of the week in the Stock Exchange was the celebration of the Queen's eightieth birthday, and, if only the programme had been worked up a little bit beforehand, we should have had a ceremony that would have worthily ranked with the Diamond Jubilee observance a couple of years ago. As it was, the Mining Markets did not know what was happening until the National Anthem was under way; but, as the various departments flocked to the *bâton* of



THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN 1844.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

Mr. Charlie Clarke, it was a sight worth seeing to note the hundreds upon hundreds of upturned faces, gravity writ large upon each one. Then Mr. Vandervell, a veteran cornet-player, in conjunction with a professional introduced by Mr. George Kitchin, gave the opening note, and the deep silence was broken by the impressive tones of "God Save the Queen," sung by some four thousand men's voices. Every hat was off, everyone, of course, was standing, and the whole scene was one of deep impressiveness. A telegram of loyal and respectful congratulation was afterwards wired to her Majesty at Windsor, and in due course came the acknowledgment of graceful pleasure. After that, we turned to what business there was, found how little it amounted to, and serenaded a member in the Home Railway Market who is delightfully patronising in his talk of the royal family, and who chats about "Our dear Duchess" in the most gracious way imaginable. Ah well! We all have our little weaknesses, and perhaps it's just as well, because they make a capital fund from which to draw our small jokes.

But I shall have my editor asking what all this has to do with sober business, he, the lucky man! not being in need of any compensating spirit-cheerer at the prospect of spending Derby Day in the office, because of its being the final act of the Settlement. They really ought to arrange these things better in the Committee Room. It is enough to make one go a "bear" of Brighton "A" in the hopes of a poor traffic owing to the enforced absence of the House from Epsom. Apart from this sentimental (I admit it) motive, one would hardly choose to be a "bear" of anything in the Home Railway Market for the next month or two. The excellent traffics up to the present time would certainly help quotations considerably, were the market to become a "traffic" one; that is to say, were the course of prices to be regulated by the various returns, instead of by the political unrest and the monetary situation. The Midland Company, for example, is £200,541 to the good up to last Wednesday, the North-Western's increase is £167,332, while the North-Eastern is £4000 better than this. The Great Western boasts an increase of no less than £332,500, but then the figures go against those of a period of strike last year. Great Western Ordinary will probably be among the first when the revival comes in Home Rails, but, for a speculative investment, I am most inclined to fancy Caledonian Deferred (Coras) at 54. Great Easterns are going to 150, so the market says, and there is certainly scope for a rise in Dover "A."

The Miscellaneous Market is getting disgusted at the monopoly of public interest by the Mining departments. One cannot deal in rumours of Whiteley's, otherwise a large trade could have been done in these alone; but ever since the day when Mr. Ridgers attempted to open the ball by bidding $\frac{1}{2}$ premium for the shares—an operation attended by a good deal more criticism than profit—there has been a kind of hesitation in starting a market in things that may never appear after all. The Lyons report is still being eagerly discussed, and I consider that, having regard to its figures, the price of the shares is unjustifiably high. A very good exchange would be from Lyons into Vickers or Armstrongs. Both the latter companies are full of work, and doing remarkably well. Of the pair, I should choose Vickers for an investment, but the force that carries them up will probably take Armstrongs along as well. Mutoscopes are in the hands of a clique, and are best left alone. Although Pekin Syndicate shares are no favourites of mine, as a rule, I have reason to believe that there is to be a move upwards very soon.

By the way, an enterprising wine-merchant has been writing from Harlesden to several members of the House, asking each one to buy him five hundred Whiteley shares immediately they appear. The gentleman would probably be highly edified could he see his various epistles hanging side by side in the Home Railway Market. Reminds one rather of the exhibition that is occasionally met with on the wall of some old barn or outhouse in the country.

Yankees have had a very dull month, and it is a little difficult to see why they shouldn't have another. London operators take nothing but the most languid interest in Americans, and Wall Street seems to be in no "bullish" mood. With the approach of summer—I refer, of course, to some six or eight months hence—there is generally a tendency to drop Yankees for the time being, as speculative counters. Prices will improve, but there may be a longish wait before the next "boom" begins. The dealers stand idle in the market-place all day long, too listless even to pipe to the feet which they know will not dance. The death of Mr. Tom Nickalls will probably be followed by the disintegration of his firm, but I understand that Mr. Claris will remain true to the Yankee Market.

The Westralian department hungers for tips as greedily as a Great Northern Railway guard, albeit of a different kind. Horseshoes, Chaffers, and Brownhill Extended have whetted the appetite of speculators, who long for a rapid and a substantial rise. In order to get hold of a "ringing good thing," let me enunciate a little prescription. You buy a good map of the Goldfields of West Australia, select several properties that adjoin or are near to proved mines, add a little judicious calculation with regard to capital and present market prices, stir in a handful of information as to the directors and issuing houses, and then—but not till then—wire to your broker. To buy shares simply because they are "tipped" by a certain man or a certain newspaper is to court the result that follows in nine cases out of ten, and all the speculator is likely to clear over such a transaction is his pockets.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SEVERAL REPORTS.

The shareholders of J. W. Benson, Limited, are to be congratulated on the second annual report just issued, which shows that the business is of a progressive nature. The profits exceed those of last year by £2000, and the average set out in the prospectus by nearly £10,000, so that it is clear no exaggerated hopes were held out when the company was floated. The proposed appropriation of the £67,000 available net profit appears reasonable if somewhat conservative, and if the new departure of supplying watches on the hire-purchase system proves as remunerative as may reasonably be expected, the company is likely to have a prosperous year's trading. The Debentures, yielding 4 per cent., with solid assets in the shape of stock and shares in other companies covering their face value (to say nothing of cash and other liquid assets), appear a very desirable security, as do the Preference shares.

The Frank Jones Brewing Company, like the great majority of similar American concerns, has had a bad year's trading, but, when the report is looked at critically, it is not quite so bad as at first sight appears. In the first place, there has been an increase in the number of barrels sold, which is of itself a hopeful feature, and, in the second place, the war tax of one dollar a barrel will not hamper the future trade in the same way as it has that of the year under review. To pay the full interest on the Preference shares £2000 has to be taken from the reserve, but it looks as if this will, in all probability, not occur again, and at the present price of $5\frac{1}{2}$ for each £10 Preference share the yield works out at something near 15 per cent., which makes the investment a very reasonable one, for people who are

willing to take a certain amount of risk for a high rate of interest. We know many English Industrials which, to our way of thinking, are not half as promising as the Frank Jones $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares.

Septimus Parsonage and Co., Limited, have at last justified, and more than justified, the words of warning which we have over and over again addressed to our correspondents in respect to the shares. That the concern was rotten, we knew, despite the puffs which Messrs. Jenkinson and other outside brokers were so fond of publishing, and we have at least the satisfaction of seeing our opinion admittedly justified sooner than we expected. On an issued capital of £177,000, the profit for a year's trading is alleged to be £2300, or about half what might have been obtained from an investment of the same money in Consols, while the directors have actually paid away £5000 by way of interim dividend which was never earned. When we remember that there is an ominous retirement of three directors, that nothing is debited to the profit and loss account for an advertising expenditure of over £9000, that the stock is certified as to value by the original vendor, that no depreciation is allowed for, and that even the expenses of the abortive Preference share and Debenture issues are not charged to revenue, it is pretty evident that, to even arrive at the miserable result now confessed, the most unsafe methods have been employed. The directors should give some more satisfactory account of the interim dividend than is contained in the report, especially to those shareholders who have subscribed for Debentures upon the strength of the satisfactory trading which such a distribution ought to have indicated. The company is short of cash, and the balance-sheet contains unrealisable assets of a nature which no prudent man would allow to figure in his own private accounts. In our opinion, it is in a very precarious position.

ISSUES.

Carl Hentschel, Limited, is formed with a capital of £60,000, divided into 39,500 6 per cent. Preference shares and 20,500 Ordinary shares of £1 each, of which 29,500 Preference shares are offered for public subscription. The business of Mr. Hentschel is best known for the splendid photo-engraving which has made it a household word in art circles, and there can be little doubt that, as the management will remain unchanged, the Preference dividend is more than amply secured. The solid assets are of the value of £37,000, and the profits, which are given in detail for ten years, show a steady and constant increase. The accountants' certificate is a model of what such documents ought to be, and the investment should be a sound and progressive one.

William Wallace and Co. (1899), Limited, is a company with a capital of £100,000, divided into 99,900 Ordinary and a hundred Management shares of £1 each, but at present only £70,000 will be issued. The company will take over the well-known art-furnishing business of the same name in Curtain Road, which was founded in 1845. The purchase price has been fixed at £60,000. The profits have averaged £6182 a year for ten years, and are certified to have been £6223 for 1898. As the solid assets taken over amount to £41,000, it cannot be said that an excessive price is being charged for goodwill, which, indeed, at £19,000, represents just three years' purchase. The present partners in the business are the vendors, and there is no promotion money to be paid, and no underwriting has been done. The shares appear to us a very reasonable industrial risk.

The Lloyd Copper Company, Limited, with a capital of a quarter of a million, divided into 250,000 shares of £1 each, is formed to purchase one of the oldest and best-known copper-mines in New South Wales. The property is freehold, and has been continuously worked for over twenty-two years. Mr. Henry Bratnaber is the consulting engineer, and Messrs. James and Shakespeare are the metal brokers, so that the concern is fathered by good names. For the purposes of calculating profits, the price of copper has been taken at £60 a ton; we think £50 would have been a safer figure.

Saturday, May 27, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SUSSEX.—We apologise for not answering your question before, but we have been making inquiries. The market opinion of the Electric Light Company is very adverse, and we advise you to sell if you can. Price 3 to $3\frac{1}{4}$, but the jobbers say they are not buyers.

A WEEKLY READER.—The question you ask is a mere matter of opinion. If the shares were our own, we should hold for a little longer. Should the Westralian "boom" continue, they may go better, although, like all the other things belonging to the group, there is sure to be a smash in the end.

G. E.—We have often warned correspondents against this concern. Our opinion is that it is utterly rotten. See this week's "Notes."

LDYNIR.—(1) The meaning of the gold premium at Buenos Ayres being 118 is that 218 dollars in paper currency is equal to 100 dollars in gold. In other words, if you have to pay your cabman one gold dollar, and have only paper to settle the debt in, you must give him two dollars and eighteen cents. (2) We should look at the purchase price and compare it with the assets. The difference would be what is asked for goodwill.

J. W. B.—We have been unable to get a price for your shares, and really do not know how you can sell them.

VASHTI.—We look upon the shares, which all belong to one group, as a reasonable speculation, and, from what we hear, they may be expected to go better, especially No. 1.

NAVAL OFFICER.—(1) If you send in your allotment letter and receipts to the Share Department, 198, Strand, you will get your certificate, or, if you instruct your bankers to get the certificate and give them the documents, they will do so. (2) The bonds are all right, and if you write to J. S. Morgan and Co., Old Broad Street, E.C., stating exactly what bond you hold, they will give you all information. The best way would be to instruct your bankers to send the bond to J. S. Morgan and collect the back interest. Your stockbroker would do this for you.

SPRINGFIELD.—There is only a nominal quotation of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ for the shares; but, as far as we can ascertain, you cannot deal. Our opinion is that the company's prospects are none too bright.

MARINE.—Neither of the shares you inquire about stands well. Be careful of the dealers who offer £3 15s. The Music-Hall Shares can be sold on the market at from 85s. to 90s., but for the Rubber Company there is no market.